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ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



No. 7.

T.S. ARTHUR & SON
PHILADELPHIA.

Vol. XLV.

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LUDWIG, HARTMAN & EIDAM, VIENNA.

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A New Book by T. S. Arthur,

AUTHOR OF

"Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," "Cast Adrift," Etc., Etc.

The National Temperance Society have just published a new volume entitled,

"The Wife's Engagement Ring,"

BY THIS MOST POPULAR AUTHOR.

Its characters are intensely real and life-like, and it is impossible for the reader not to become deeply interested in them. It should have a wide circulation, especially among those who think there is no harm in a "social glass" now and then.

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(Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK & CO.)

Ladies' and Children's Garments.

LADIES' CORSET-COVER.

No. 4875.—Although the corset-cover illustrated is high in the neck, it may be cut out to the depth desired, to transform it into a low-necked garment. It may be made of cambric, muslin or linen, and edged with embroidery, lace, or any handsome trimming, if ruffles of the material be considered too plain a finish. It is fitted by bust darts and an under-arm gore-portion, together with side-back seams and a seam at the center. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 1½ yard of goods, 36 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



4875
Front View.



4875
Back View.

THE "FISH-WIFE'S" COSTUME.

No. 4881.—Since the adoption of this charming costume by the younger members of the royal family of England, it has obtained a wide-spread popularity. It has a four-gored skirt, shaped and seamed so as to allow the bottom to be reversed after it is hemmed. The reversed portion is caught at the seams and also at the back, while the back-breadth is tacked together underneath. The waist is in blouse style and is put on first, while the pocket is arranged last, and like the collar and cuffs is adjustable and is made of cambric, while the skirt and blouse are of serge. The pattern is in 13 sizes for girls from 3 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 8 years, 4½ yards of serge, together with 1½ yard of cambric, each 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



4881
Front View.



4881
Back View.

LADIES' POINTED, LOOSE-FITTING BASQUE.

No. 4866.—For washable fabrics no model can be prettier or more suitable than the one illustrated. Its grace of outline and comfortable proportions adapt it to loose-textured fabrics as well as those mentioned. It is fitted by a single dart at each side of the front, which has curved edges closing with button-holes and buttons. An under-arm dart, side seams and a center seam complete the adjustment. The skirt defines a slight point at the back, and is trimmed with a ruffle of the material, which is cambric. The neck is encircled by a ruffled Byron collar, and cuffs are simulated with reversed ruffles at the wrists. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 3 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



4866
Front View.



4866
Back View.



LADIES' SCARF MANTELLE.

*No. 4880.—These engravings represent another style of mantel made of organdy, though the list of materials suggested for the other garment are just as appropriate for this. The trimming is also a matter of taste, and may be applied in any manner pleasing to the wearer.

The mantel is adjusted by a dart at each shoulder, together with a seam at the center of the back. All of the edges are bordered with a ruffle of the goods, and the ends of the mantel are tied across the breast. To make the garment from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 3½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

4880
Front View.

4872

LADIES' BRETON OVER-SKIRT.

No. 4872.—This over-skirt is a portion of one of the most stylish costumes of the season, but may be used to complete an ordinary suit.

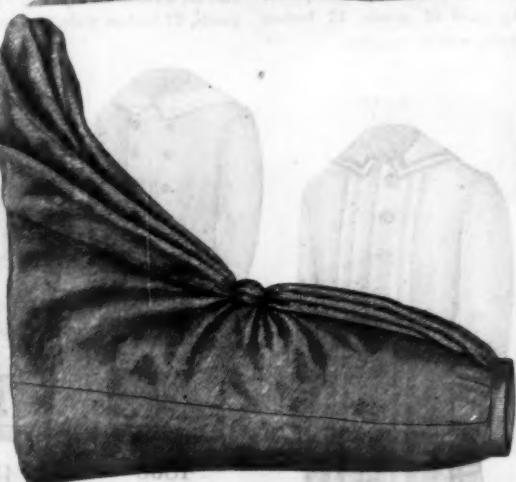
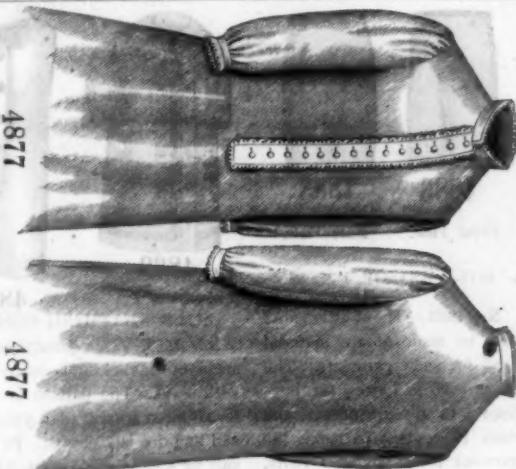
The front gore is straight and square, and is fitted by darts and is slightly gathered low down at the back edges. The back-breath is draped by a gathering under the crossing strap. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 3½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

LADIES' MANTILLA.

No. 4885.—A desirable style of mantilla is illustrated by these engravings, and may be made of silk, cashmere, camel's hair or any suit material, as well as of any of the new greenlines or tissues now popular for such such wraps. The lower edges

only are trimmed, and lace, ruffles, embroidery or plaiting may be used in place of the fringe illustrated, if the latter be inappropriate for the material selected. A military collar is at the neck, which is ornamented with a bow at the front and back. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 3½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

4885
Front View.



4886

LADIES' SKIRT, WITH FAN GORES AT THE BACK.

*Front View.**Back View.*

MISSES' PRINCESS DRESS, BUTTONED AT THE BACK.

*Front View.**Back View.*

4877

FRONT VIEW.

BACK VIEW.

4886

LADIES' SKIRT, WITH FAN GORES AT THE BACK.

*Front View.**Back View.*

4877

FRONT VIEW.

BACK VIEW.

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*Front View.**Back View.*

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*Front View.**Back View.*

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FRONT VIEW.

BACK VIEW.

4886

LADIES' SKIRT, WITH FAN GORES AT THE BACK.

Front View.



4883



4883

*Front View.**Back View.*

• BOYS' SAILOR PANTS.

No. 4883.—These little pants may be made of any material used for such garments. The pattern is in 7 sizes for boys from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 15 cents. To make the garment for a boy of 7 years, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.



4869



4869

CHILD'S BATHING COSTUME.

No. 4869.—This jaunty costume is made of flannel and neatly trimmed with braid. The pattern is in 7 sizes for children from 2 to 8 years of age, and its price is 25 cents. To make the suit for a child of 5 years, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, are needed.



4884



4884

Front View. *Back View.*

BOYS' SUSPENDER PANTS.

No. 4884.—Fancy or plain suiting make up neatly by the model illustrated. The pattern is in 7 sizes for boys from 4 to 10 years of age. To make the pants for a boy of 8 years, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



4867

Front View.

4868

Front View.

4868

Back View.

MISSES' BATHING COSTUME.

No. 4868.—Serge, camlet, flannel and heavy bunting are used for costumes of this description, and bright braids and bands are selected for the trimming. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



4867

Back View.

LADIES' BATHING COSTUME.

No. 4867.—Flannel is the material used for the costume here illustrated, with fancy colored braid for the decorations. The costume consists of drawers and blouse. The blouse has a double box-plait at the back and front, and is weighted with shot or thin slips of lead inserted in the hem. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the costume for a lady of medium size, 7 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

NOTICE:—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price and order.

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CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE BOSPHORUS.—*Plate 38*



ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLV.

JULY, 1877.

No. 7.



GRAY PARROT.

"PRETTY POLL."

FIRST PAPER.

BY JOHN R. DUFFETT.

"—A cherished droll,
Known by the name of Pretty Polly;
Often fed by lady's gentle hand
With sops and sugar to command;
And sometimes, too, a nut or cherry,
Which in thy claws to break and eat
Thou seem'st to raise right daintily,
Turning it oft, as if thou still
Wert manning it with cautious skill,
Provoking urchins near to laughter loud and merry."

JOANNA BAILLIE.

GETHE, somewhere or other, makes one of his characters rather sweepingly declare that, "it is a mark of a motley, dissipated sort of life, to be able to endure monkeys, and parrots, and black

people about one's self." A later writer, who at one time enjoyed a kind of popularity, Mr. Georges Auguste Salé, speaking of our Pretty Poll and her likes, calls them "abominable birds," which certainly they can be, on occasions; and then adds, probably with Goethe's observation in his mind: "I should like to know the people who buy the parrots, in order that I might avoid them." But, on the other hand, a much more amiable gentleman than either Goethe or Salé, that wittiest of divines, Sydney Smith, with a more kindly appreciation of "Pretty Poll," remarks: "I think no house is well laid up in the country without people of all ages. There should be an old man or woman to pet, a parrot, a child, a monkey; something, as the French say, to love and despise. I have just bought a parrot to keep my servants in good humor." Joanna Baillie, from whose "Lines to a Parrot," I have already quoted, seems also to have had a kindly feeling

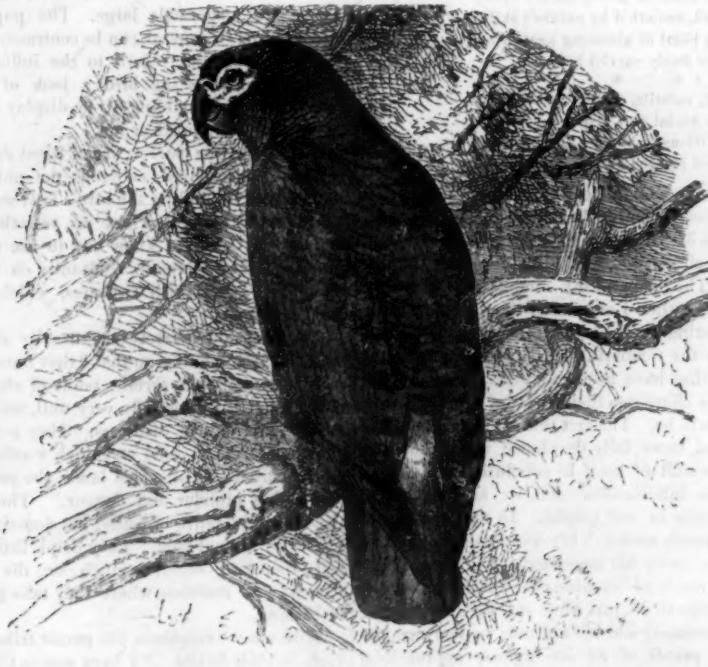


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VOL. XLV.—25.

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towards the bird, addressing it in the following strain :

"—I see thee calm and sage,
With broad, hook'd beak, and plumage green,
Changing to asure in the light,
Gay pinions tipp'd with scarlet bright,
And, strong for mischief, use or play,
Thick talons, crisp'd with silver gray,—
A gallant bird, I ween!"

And even Wordsworth could sing of a neighbor's pet, screaming from its golden cage :

"Like beads of glossy jet her eyes;
And, smooth'd by nature's skill,
With pearl or gleaming agate vies
Her finely curvèd bill.
* * * * *
"Arch, volatile, a sportive bird,
By social glee inspired;
Ambitious to be seen or heard,
And pleased to be admired."

I might go on and quote passage after passage in praise of these "abominable birds," and give a long list of names of "the great and the good" who have petted and admired them. But it seems hardly necessary. The mass of my readers will probably agree with me, when I assert that there are few birds more interesting than the parrots, especially when one regards the wonderful docility and intelligence with which they have been endowed. They are not the mere idle chatters their enemies would have us believe them to be. The fact that "Pretty Poll" has a larger and more fully developed brain than any other bird, would of itself be conclusive evidence of her superior intelligence. But we are not left to draw inferences in this respect. In the language of a clever French writer, "her propensity to imitate man, and to speak his language"—a propensity not simply the result of teaching, but the expression of an eager desire to do just what she does do;—"her prodigious memory and her aptitude for learning, are undeniable proofs of an intelligence approaching nearer to reason than that found in any creature lower than man."

Classed by scientists among the climbing birds, parrots possess in a high degree the special characteristics of that order, and in climbing make use not only of their powerful talons, but of their unique and singularly-constructed beaks as well. In most birds, it will be remembered, the upper mandible, answering to our immovable upper jaw, is capable of more or less motion. But in the parrot, this capacity is extraordinarily developed, the upper mandible being a distinct bone, connected by a joint to the skull. How useful this conformation is to the bird, may be readily observed by any one who will watch a parrot taking its food, or employing its beak as a sort of third hand in climbing about the bars of its cage.

Generally speaking, parrots exhibit a remarkable richness and variety of plumage. The colors are almost always pure and brilliant, green predominating, after which comes red, then blue, and, last of all, yellow. Violet, purple and brown are less com-

mon. Entirely black, white or gray birds are occasionally met with. Good taste might find fault with some varieties, whose strongly-marked and abruptly-contrasting colors render them what the gaudy tulip is among flowers. Nevertheless, few will hesitate to admit that our "Pretty Poll" is, after all, one of the most beautiful and striking of her race.

The parrot's tongue is soft, thick, and being covered with papillæ, and moistened with a salivary secretion, possesses a sensitiveness unusual to that organ in birds, by which it is enabled to select different articles of food by their taste. The eyes of parrots are moderately large. The pupils, unlike those of birds in general, can be contracted or dilated at pleasure, without regard to the influence of the light, thus giving the bird a look of intelligent observation, and enabling it to display the various emotions of fear, anger or joy.

The feet of the parrots are of great strength, and are skilfully employed as hands, not only in climbing, but also in holding the bird's food and bringing it up to the mouth. There are varieties, however, who do not seem to know how to use their feet in climbing, and so remain constantly on the ground, where they walk with swiftness, which the other birds cannot do.

The wings of parrots are usually short, whilst their bodies are bulky, so that "they have some difficulty in rising to a certain point of elevation; but that once attained, they fly very well, and often very rapidly, and to long distances. They generally confine themselves to lofty and thick woods, frequently on the borders of cultivated lands, the productions of which they plunder and destroy." They feed principally on the pulps of fruits; but sometimes contract a taste for animal food. They drink little, but often, and, therefore, sojourn much on the borders of streams and marshes, where they take great delight in bathing.

With a few exceptions, the parrot tribes are gregarious in their habits. "I have seen at Chillan," says Mr. Layard, "such vast flights of parrakeets coming to roost in the cocoa-nut trees which overhang the bazaar, that their noise drowned the babel of tongues bargaining for the evening provisions. About four o'clock in the afternoon, straggling parties began to wend their way home, and in the course of half an hour the current fairly set in. I soon found that I had no longer distinct flocks to count; it became one living, screaming stream. I waited there till evening closed, when I could hear, though no longer distinguish the birds fighting for their perches. On firing a shot, they rose with a noise like the rushing of a mighty wind, but soon settled again, and such a din commenced as I shall never forget. It was almost deafening."

Parrots are very long-lived, the mean duration of life, among the parrots proper, being about forty years. Individual parrots, however, have been known to live for a hundred years, and even longer. They live in pairs, no matter how large the flock may be. They build their nests in the hollows of rotten trees,

or in the cavities of rocks. In these are deposited three and sometimes four eggs for a sitting. There are, however, several broods in a year. The young are entirely naked on first coming from the shell, and the head is so large that the body seems to be merely an appendage to it, while many days elapse before the helpless little creature can find strength to raise it.

The number of different species of parrots is very large. Tropical America contains the greatest proportion of these. In the Old World, no species is

smaller species, some are yet known by the distinctive names of macaws, cockatoos, parrakeets, tories, love-birds, etc. In a more restricted sense, however, the term parrot applies only to those species which have the upper mandible very distinctly toothed, and the tail short and square, or rounded. But this application is ornithological rather than popular, the most restricted popular use equally including long-tailed species, such as the Carolina parrot, the ringed parrot, and others which are ornithologically classed with the macaws, parrakeets or cockatoos.



AMAZON PARROT.

found so far north as Europe. Africa contains many. Some are found in different parts of Asia, and in the islands adjacent to that continent. Australia has a few peculiar species. Besides Europe, northern and central Asia, the Polar countries and the northern parts of America, seem to be the only portions of the globe in which the family has no representative.

The parrot family includes several more or less decidedly characteristic groups. Whilst under the name of parrot the popular mind embraces all these groups, with the exception, perhaps, of a few of the

In the present paper, however, I shall confine myself principally to brief notices of a few of the parrots properly so-called, only making an exception in favor of the Carolina and ringed parrots, the former of which is really a macaw, and the latter a parrakeet, though both are usually called parrots.

Of the parrots proper, one of the best known species is the gray parrot. It is a native of Africa, and is surpassed by none of its family in powers of imitation and speech, excellent memory, docility, loving disposition and mischievousness. It is about

as large as a small pigeon, of an ash-gray color, and has a short tail of deep scarlet. This parrot is one of the most common inhabitants of English aviaries, being brought over to England in great numbers by sailors, who always find a ready sale for them. There seems to be no end to the amusing stories related of this bird, some of which I shall introduce into my second paper.

Of green parrots there are two species, which are tolerably common—the festive parrot and the Ama-

zon. The festive parrot is a very large bird, and apt at learning to talk as the gray parrot, though instances have been noticed where its powers of speech could hardly be exceeded. The principal color of the festive parrot is a bright green, with feathers of rather pale cobalt-blue on the top of the head and behind the eyes. The lower part of the back and the upper tail-coverts are deep crimson-red, and the short, square tail is green, except the outermost feathers, which are edged with blue. On all the tail-feathers, except the central, there is a



PHILIP'S ISLAND, OR LONG-BILLED PARROT.

zon parrot. The former bird is a much larger and altogether finer species than the latter, often measuring sixteen inches in length. The Amazon, however, is the species most commonly seen in this country. Both birds are natives of South America, the latter especially frequenting the banks of the mighty river after which it is named. It is not so retiring a bird as the festive parrot, and will often leave the dense forests in which it breeds for the sake of pillaging the orange plantations, among which it creates sad havoc. As a general thing, it is not so

spot of pale red near the base. The Amazon parrot may be easily distinguished from the one just described, not only by its lesser size, but also by the different disposition of the coloring. The whole of the cheeks, chin, and the angles at the base of the bill, are yellow, while the forehead is a deep bluish-purple, and the feathers of the back of the head and nape of the neck are green, edged with black. When the bird is angry, it raises these feathers like a crest. The plumage of the body both above and below is rich green, with beautiful markings of green, yellow

and red on the tail, and of green, azure, brown and black on the wings.

The long-billed, or Philip Island parrot, as it is more commonly called, though in reality a cockatoo, known to scientists as the *Nestor cockatoo*, is a bird of singular form, and is by some regarded as a link between the true parrots and the cockatoos. It is only found in the little island from which it derives its common name; and even there will, probably, in a few years be met with no more, since its singularly

the purpose of enabling the bird to scoop roots and other vegetable substances out of the earth.

The ringed or collared parrot, known also as the *Alexandrine parakeet*, is not, as has already been said, in reality a parrot proper. Its long tail throws it among the parakeets. A native of Africa and Asia, it was the first of the parrot tribe known to the Greeks and Romans, by whom it was much prized as a cage-bird, and it is even to this day highly esteemed as a domestic pet. It possesses in a high



RINGED, OR COLLARED PARROT.

shaped beak renders it an object of attraction to those who supply the dealers with skins; and, besides, its disposition is so gentle and docile, that it is extremely desirable as a cage bird. Its voice, however, is harsh, loud, and very disagreeable, and is said to resemble the continual barking of a hoarse-voiced, ill-tempered cur. It is remarkable for its long upper mandible, which curves far over the lower, and reminds the observer of the overgrown tooth sometimes noticed in the rat, rabbit and other gnawing animals. This peculiar conformation is probably for

degree the same qualities for which the gray parrot is held in favor; though talking does not come to it by nature, as it does with that intelligent bird. Patience and perseverance, however, will teach it to repeat a great many words and sentences with much apparent fluency and readiness. Its general color is a gray-green. In the adult bird, the crown of the head and nape of the neck are of a lovely purple-blue. Just below the purple runs a narrow band of rose color, and immediately below the rosy line is a streak of black. The female may easily be distin-

guished from her mate by being entirely green. This bird is said to have been first brought from India by some of the members of Alexander's expedition, from which fact, or assumed fact, it is sometimes called Alexander's parrot.

The only member of the parrot family found in the United States is the Carolina parrot, or parrakeet. Properly, this bird is a macaw. Though not so brilliant as some members of the family, it nevertheless possesses much beauty. Its general hue is a light green, with purple tinges on the wings, a rich yellow on the upper part of the neck, and a patch of orange-red on the forehead. Many years ago, when our Southern and Western States were sparsely settled, this parrot was very abundant in those parts of the country, ranging from Florida up through Tennessee and Kentucky to Ohio, and even to Michigan. In early times, large flocks of these birds were to be met with on the banks of the Ohio River. Now, however, we believe it is seldom found eastward of the Mississippi. It is represented as an active, sprightly bird. Some of our oldest inhabitants relate how in the autumn it was wont to fall in vast flocks upon the grain-stacks of the early settlers, committing great ravages. They tell us, however, that on these occasions the farmer found good opportunity of taking vengeance upon his despoilers. When once fired upon, it is related, the survivors would rise, shriek, fly around a few minutes, and then alight again upon the same spot. The gun being kept vigorously at work, almost the entire flock would thus be destroyed. At each discharge, the living birds would fly over their slain or wounded companions, screaming with unabated vigor, and still returning to the stack to receive what the ravaged farmer regarded as retributive justice.

"The Carolina parrakeets in all their movements," writes one of their historians, "show a peculiar pre-dilection for the alluvial, rich and dark forests bordering the principal rivers and larger streams, in which the towering cypress and gigantic sycamore spread their vast summits, or stretch their innumerable arms over a wide waste of moving or stagnant waters. From these, and from the beech and the blackberry, they derive an important supply of food. The flocks, moving in the manner of wild pigeons, dart in swift and airy phalanx through the green boughs of the forest; screaming in a general concert, they wheel in wide and descending circles round the tall buttonwood, and all alight in the same instant, their green lustre, like a fairy mantle, rendering them nearly invisible beneath the shady branches, where they sit arranging their plumage, and, shuffling side by side, seem to caress each other, and to scratch each other's heads with all the fondness of affectionate doves."

It is true greatness that constitutes glory, and virtue is the cause of both; but vice and ignorance taint the blood; and an unworthy behavior degrades and disennobles a man more than birth and fortune aggrandize and exalt him.

WHO TOOK THE MAJOR'S PICTURE?

BY MADGE CARROL.

WHO took Major Aaronson's picture was a question which agitated the Farraday household many a month and year. Not because the missing article possessed very special value, but owing to the mysterious circumstances attending its removal. It formerly occupied a position of peculiar honor in the cheery, breezy, bay-windowed sitting-room. The decree had been established that nothing save that which was bright and pretty should adorn ma's corner. When I tell you that even the sewing-machine was decked with scarlet bows wherever practicable and tasteful, you may know to what lengths this determination was carried. That the major's picture should have held a place there for a single day was sufficient proof of its merit. Not from an affectional, although its original was held in very high esteem, but from an artistic point of view. It was well enough to place the portrait of the dear old grandfather, with his crooked nose, and that of the good grandmother, with all her imperfections on her head, in the paternal chamber, but no such distinguished retirement was awarded the major's picture. Fairly meeting the requirements of the home gallery's hanging committee, it occupied a post of honor in their estimation far surpassing that conferred upon its original when, in '65, he stepped from plain mister into his present title.

The picture itself was an ordinary one, only a daguerreotype in an oval frame, rimmed with purple velvet. An old-fashioned affair, yet the charm of the young face was always new, always wonderful for those taking the trouble to examine it. It was evident, however, that other motive than love of beauty for beauty's sake prompted the theft. Directly on a range with the missing likeness, and framed to match, hung a colored ivortytype representing the younger Fanny Farraday in all the loveliness of seventeen. A life-like portraiture, one of the sweetest gems that ever sparkled on home walls, yet this remained, the other disappeared.

"I would have thought nothing of it," said Mrs. Farraday, fond of rehearsing the subject, and addressing Mrs. Meadows, whom she had not seen for years, "nothing of it at all, if other articles had vanished at the same time. But no, there was my watch, chain, rings, and there was Lutie's cloak, beside a dozen trifles a thief could have turned into money, yet nothing else was touched. I had been out, and, having some household duties to attend to hurriedly, changed my dress here, leaving my jewelry on the window-ledge. Miss Blanchett had just finished Luta's cloak—she was a baby then—and left the room to go home, a moment before I did. As far as I know, I was the sole person in the house when I went out of this room that day, shut the door and descended the stairs. On my return, half an hour later, there was an oval spot, bluer than the rest, on the wall, it caught my eye the moment I entered, nothing else was disturbed, but that picture was gone,

Oh, yes, we looked everywhere, high and low, but it never turned up. If we were in the habit of entertaining any and everybody here, it wouldn't seem so odd. Strangers, or transient callers, sometimes take fancies to such things and walk off with them without any regard to the rights of property, but, you will remember how it is, Mrs. Meadows, this room is our innermost. No one gains admittance here unless we love, trust, understand them, as we do each other. That makes the spirit away of the major's picture all the more incomprehensible."

"He's not married, you say?"

"No, the lady he loved proved false, and died, finally. Unlike most men, women, too, for that matter, he never loved again. I call him one of my old beaux, but that's only my way. To be sure, he spent considerable time at our house, owing to his disappointment and certain disagreements at home, yet there never was anything between us."

Mrs. Farraday then proceeded to relate numerous theories and speculations this mysterious disappearance had given rise to, all of which she indignantly rejected. It was absurd, she declared, to regard it as the work of some designing maid or widow, especially as the theft took place six years previous, and the picture never been made use of in any way whatsoever.

"Beside," she continued, "the poor fellow's forty-seven, entirely too ancient to inspire the tender flame in a young breast, and as for my old friends, not one is silly or romantic enough to run away with his picture for the sake of auld lang syne. No, it's a mystery, nothing but a mystery; whether or not it will remain such is impossible to tell."

That evening, Major Aaronson called on Mr. and Mrs. Farraday. In spite of a strong resemblance to his own portrait faded out, he was still a handsome man, yes, very handsome. Although his pale brown hair seemed like mere ashes of the ebon locks once caressing his head with ring and curl, and his large, dark eyes held only the phantoms of their former dreams, he was still a man few thoughtful women could pass without longing to take a second glance.

"I see my picture's place is still vacant," he remarked, throwing himself on the lounge with the air of one whose welcome is assured even after nearly a year's absence.

"Yes," replied Mr. Farraday, "Fan declares that blue spot shall confront the guilty party until he or she repents and restores."

"Who at this late day can possibly think enough of me to appropriate my picture?" He had a singularly winning voice and way this "ancient" ex-officer.

"Still laying that flattering unctuous to your soul after I've declared such a supposition groundless over and over again? Fie, I'm ashamed of you!"

"Now, Mrs. Fan, forbear," and the major's laugh was musical as ever. "It pleases me, and don't hurt anybody. Seriously, friends, it would be a comfort to know there lived the woman who could do it. I'm

so wearied out with this unhoused, unsheltered sort of life, I'd be the most grateful creature in the world if some dear soul would take me in and care for me. Were it not"—here the major's voice assumed a lighter strain—"that a woman may not marry her grandfather, I'd ask you for your eldest, Fan."

Mr. Farraday's crying out, "Take her, my boy, and be happy," caused the young people in one corner to look around, come forward and take part in the merry banter that ensued.

Before Major Aaronson left, however, while lingering on the stairs alone with Mrs. Farraday, he asked: "Where's that shy little thing that haunted the shadows of your old home, Fan?"

"Rita Blanchett? Her father lost his money, there wasn't much, but it all went, and his life with it. With the exception of a good-for-nothing brother and his family, she's all alone in the world. She sews for me, you know."

"Yes, I've had glimpses of her. I want to know where she lives. She grows old like the moon, purer, paler, tranquil, yet more and more radiant. I used to fancy she rather liked me."

"The vanity—"

"Just a trifle, you know," interrupted the major. "She was too modest to show it in the least, still I had that fancy. Send me word when she comes again."

Like all happy wives and mothers, Mrs. Farraday's heart glowed over the prospect of making a match, especially since it was to be between her life-long friend and Major Aaronson. The children's wardrobe was straightway declared alarmingly incomplete, and she set about rushing through shops and gathering material together, intending to send for her seamstress next day, when a strange, unlooked-for event transpired. This was nothing more nor less than the return of the long-lost picture, together with a lengthy epistle from Miss Blanchett, confessing her guilt and acknowledging her love for the major. Most of the manuscript was penned in short, terse paragraphs with a heart-beat in every one. Again would come rambling, irregular sentences as though broken with sobs or entangled in tears. There were various dates, too, showing that the writer had returned to her task again and again, until the story was told. I will make a very few extracts for the purpose of showing the nature of this communication:

"I have not robbed you, Fanny, I simply borrowed a picture. How it shocks and grieves me to hear folks talk of the thief."

"Dear heart! you did your best for the shy, chill little thing, and have proved faithful through many years and changes. I had but to ask, and the picture was mine; yet asking would have unveiled my love. I could not do that even for so true a friend. I often fancy what you would say should I open my heart. So tender to me would you be, so merciless to him. Not that he tried to win me—oh, no; you yourself have said you never knew so unconscious a captivator. I know how it would be, though. 'Not a hero,' you

would say. Well, then, my love shall make him one."

"You said to-day you would not allow the room papered, or anything to hang there; you wanted that deep oval spot to confront the guilty party until the picture was returned. There was no distrust in your innocent eyes; from first to last you never suspected me; yet in one bitter moment I knew the thought of having borrowed was a delusion, and myself as much a thief as though I had taken your watch and rings."

Then followed pages on pages of self-condemnation; yet through all ran the tremor of a womanly timidity, shrinking appalled before the difficulty of making restitution, confession.

After Mrs. Farraday had read, wept and wondered, she found that the package was endorsed, "To be sent to my dear friend, Frances Farraday, immediately after my death."

The major called that evening, and, after being taken confidentially aside, read the strange story.

"Rob, Fan," he exclaimed, deeply moved, "I would have given the half I am worth to have known this while the poor thing lived. I should have been a happier and a better man for the knowledge, and she, I trust, a happier woman."

That very night the crisis of an alarming illness passed, and Rita Blanchett was pronounced out of danger. Upon returning to consciousness, her first thought was the sealed package left in her sister-in-law's charge. Her feeble inquiry led to the astounding discovery that the paper was already in Mrs. Farraday's possession.

"I didn't understand at all. What was it anyhow but a bit of work?" answered the easy-going relative, half-angry, half-sorry.

"Now I must die," was Miss Blanchett's only reply, and for several hours it was believed she certainly would.

She rallied, however, sunk when Mrs. Farraday appeared, then rallied again under that lady's kind, judicious treatment.

"He loves you in return, I'm positive. Such sweet things as he said about you only ten days ago; and, listen, Rita, begged me to let him know when you came to the house again. You shall have your letter this very afternoon, and shall burn it, dear. As for the picture, it belongs to you, and I take the liberty of ante-dating the gift some six years and as many months. Yes, it's yours, and so is the original; all you've got to do is get well as soon as possible and see him."

For awhile Mrs. Farraday greatly feared trouble, some questions, without occasion, however. The letter having been out of the house so short a time, it never occurred to Miss Blanchett that Major Aarenson had any knowledge of it, and Fanny Farraday, by volunteering eternal secrecy "from that day out," set her sensitive heart at rest.

She got well as soon as possible, and to-day, this summer-soft day on which I write, the likeness of Major Aarenson's first-born son covers the blue spot on the sitting-room wall.

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

I LOOK on the silent meadows
Of night, where the gold drops lie,
The daisied meadows of darkness
That blossom against the sky;

And I think of the weary pilgrims
Whose battles are fought and won,
Who went through the daisied meadows
To rest, when the day was done.

Long, long have their feet been walking
The rough and the stony roads;
Long, long have they borne with patience
Life's sorrowful, heavy loads;

But now it is done forever!
And up in the mansions blest,
Far over the shining meadows,
I know they are safe at rest!

What messages went to Heaven
From ways which they humbly trod?
Will prayers of such holy incense
Rise ever again to God?

Then I think of the little children—
Who kneel at the evening prayer—
The thousands of pure, white faces,
The thousands of spirits fair—

All over the world's wide darkness!
What beautiful things they say!
They know He will keep them truly
In answer to what they pray!

And sweet are their baby murmurs,
Then sweet is their sinless sleep—
O God! in our troubled spirits
Plant confidence half so deep!

For who, in the silent moments,
When death is abroad to slay,
May know but the power which stays him,
Is prayers which the children pray?

MOTHERHOOD.

BY RUTH.

O LITTLE child, that lay'st thy hand in mine,
And look'st into my face so trusting,
Believing where I lead is best for thee,
And by my steps striving to measure thine,
Since first upon my path thy life did shine,
A quickening conscience hast thou been to me;
Yet He who gave knew my infirmity,
And, knowing, set to me the task divine
To guide thy little feet along the way.
Thy perfect faith doth strengthen my desire
To seek the path that leads to highest good;
Thy clinging hands hold me from going astray;
Led by thy innocence, I may aspire
Fitly to wear the "crown of womanhood."

HAARLEM.

BY E. CHARDON.

HAARLEM, one of the chief towns of North Holland, lies twelve miles west of Amsterdam, on the Spaarn, an arm of the Zuyder Zee, and is connected with that city by rail. Like most Dutch towns, it is intersected with canals, and boasts many beautiful avenues of trees. Its present population is about thirty thousand, and it is the seat of government for the province of Haarlem. It has thirteen churches, the principal of which is the Church of St. Bavon, which was built in the fifteenth century. This is a vast Gothic structure, with a high, square tower, from which there is an extensive view over the surrounding low-lying country. This church is also noted for its great organ, which, until recently, was the largest of its kind in the world. It fills up

most fabulous prices were paid for the bulbs of Haarlem. The public gambled in bulbs as in stocks, and as high as two thousand dollars was sometimes paid for a single bulb. Although prices have declined, until the average price is about twenty-five cents, there are still vast quantities raised in the neighborhood, and hundreds of thousands of them are annually exported to every part of Europe and to America.

Haarlem was a flourishing town as early as the twelfth century, when it took a part in the wars between the Hollanders and the West Frisians. But it is best known in history for the prolonged siege, lasting seven months, which it endured in 1573. The heroism evinced by the citizens during this siege is unparalleled in history. When at last, driven to desperation by famine, they were about to make a sortie, and cut their way through the enemy's camp,



STREET IN HAARLEM.

the entire end of the church, reaching nearly to the roof. It contains five thousand pipes, the largest metal pipe being fifteen inches in diameter; it has sixty stops and four rows of keys. Underneath the organ are three statues, representing Faith, Hope and Charity. In front of the church stands a marble statue of Laurens Coster, the reputed inventor of movable types.

The Town Hall, formerly the residence of the counts of Holland, is noted for its fine carvings. In a wood of considerable extent at the south of the city, there is a pavilion, once the residence of Louis, brother of Napoleon I., but which is now fitted up as a picture gallery, and contains the work of living Dutch artists.

Haarlem is the great mart for the sale of bulbous roots, such as tulips, hyacinths, crocuses, etc. When the tulip mania was at its height in Europe, the

Spaniards offered pardon and amnesty on condition that they would deliver up their city, and fifty-seven of their principal citizens. These terms being complied with by the besieged, the Duke of Alva basely violated the terms of capitulation, putting all the garrison, and nearly two thousand of the citizens, to death.

Haarlem Lake, which formerly existed between the towns of Haarlem, Leyden and Amsterdam, had gradually encroached upon the land, until it covered an area of more than sixty thousand acres. During storms, the waters of this lake frequently rose to such an alarming extent, that there was an enormous annual outlay in keeping the dams and sluices in repair; in spite of which the neighboring cities and towns were sometimes seriously damaged. Consequently the project was put forward to drain the lake, and was actually carried into effect between the years

1839 and 1852, no less than one billion tons of water being pumped into a series of canals by enormous steam engines, and about fifty thousand acres of land reclaimed, at a cost of a trifle over eighty dollars per acre. This land has been divided into farms, and is now under cultivation.

DEBBY'S LIFE.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

OTHER women lead the same lives, perhaps, and they go down to their graves as unknown as though they were strangers in a strange land. I believe Debby Thompson did, she that was Debby Delancy before marriage. Nobody seemed to know much about her, they all said she was a domestic woman, or, as old Aunty Gwinn said, "a powerful home-body."

A thorn three inches long thrust into one's side, worn year after year, would be pleasurable compared to a life with 'Than'el Thompson. Folks said 'Than'el's a good neighbor; 'Than'el allus pays his debts; 'Than'el never gives his wife a crooked word; and 'Than'el's one of the best of providers; but little did they know of the man's real character, and I might as well do him justice at once, little did he know of his real character himself. He meant to be kind, and fair, and just, but he was an habitual fault-finder and a selfish, selfish man.

Less than a fortnight after they were wedded did he first show his crowning fault, his undivided esteem for 'Than'el Thompson.

The very day they were married they moved into the same house with his father and mother—they were old people and couldn't afford to keep a hired girl, and this was why 'Than'el made up his mind to marry the likeliest lass in the neighborhood.

They had been out walking on Sabbath evening, and Debby had gathered a huge bouquet of wild flowers, which she divided, putting part of them in a pitcher of water in the bed-room, and the others in the kitchen. The next morning, after breakfast, her husband put on his hat preparatory to starting out to his work, but stopping suddenly, he sniffed, and sniffed, and then very coolly took the pitcher of flowers off the mantel, walked to the door and threw them out; then he went to the bed-room and threw out the others, and putting the empty pitchers on the table, said: "Better wash them, and let's have no more such foolishness."

"Why, 'Than'el," said Debby, startled, "they were so pretty, I wish you'd not thrown them out."

"Don't like the smell of 'em," said he, wisely, squirting his tobacco-juice on the stove-plate and rolling the chew into the other side of his face. "Sweet Williams are my abomination."

Debby cleared away the dishes silently, but a shadow had crept over her face; she was hurt by the selfishness of her young husband.

"He allus was used to havin' his own way, sonny was," said his mother, in apology. "You'll be pretty apt to have your hands full. Spose it came about of

his havin' the as'ma so bad when he was little; he was puny-like, an' we never thought we'd raise him, an' he had his own way in everything. Whatever he tuk a notion to, why his papa and me allus allowed him. When he was a leetle tenty mite of a baby we didn't darst to drub him or make him give up, for he'd hold his breath till he'd git as black as a pot in the face. So we just got along with him the best we could, an' let him have things about as he wanted."

And this was to be Debby Thompson's life, to be the wife of a spoiled, petted, selfish young man, one who never thought of another's comfort or pleasure if it interfered with his own! Poor Debby had not reckoned on this at all.

Perhaps it was three months after this occurrence before anything transpired that annoyed her seriously. And then it came about in this way. Father Thompson and 'Than'el bought a lot of hogs at a sale and brought them home. Two of them were poor little things and needed extra care. The men hauled a load of rails up to the house and threw them off, and without saying a word in consultation with the women, built a small pig-pen in the front yard only about ten steps from the door. They dug down into the ground and fitted a trough in compactly, laid boards over one corner of the pen for a shelter, threw in a bundle of straw, and then put the pigs in.

Debby was busy in the kitchen making pickles, and the first intimation she had of the close proximity of her new neighbors was when she heard them squealing.

She hurried to the door and looked out. She raised both hands in surprise and said: "Nathaniel Thompson! Pigs in the front yard! What does that mean?"

He rubbed the dirt off from his hands on the legs of his pantaloons, and looking up surprised, said: "Oh, nothing, they're just a couple of old Langworthy's pigs, we bought the lot, and these two runts will never amount to anything if they're left in the pen with the others. You see, if they're here right handy, you and mother can nurse them along with warm milk and a dainty bite now and then."

"But we don't want them here in the front yard, it is an outrage, an insult," said she, her eyes glittering with anger.

"I tol' 'Than'el he ort to see what the old woman an' you'd say first," said the father, "but he 'lowed as how the pigs were so small, a little bit of a pen wouldn't amount to much, let it stand where it would."

"'Than'el allus was so set in his ways," said the mother, coming to the door. "Son, why didn't you put it back somewhere, not right here on Debby's pansy-bed and among her Chana asters, and chock up against the laylock bush?"

"Oh! you know very well if it had been built back somewhere, the pigs might have squealed for hours, and you would have paid no attention to them; but right here under your noses, you can't neglect them," said her son, manfully.

"But you knew I cared for the asters and the pansies, and you didn't even try to spare them," said Debby, and the tears dropped down upon her kitchen apron, and her lips quivered with the cry that she tried to restrain.

"Fudge, Debby!" said her husband; "why them two pigs are worth more money to-day—runts as they are—than all the posies that ever grew on this farm. What are flowers good for? You can't eat them, and you can't drink them, and you can't wear them, and you can't sell 'em for money; they don't keep you comfortable, so do tell me what use they are? Now, for my part, I'd ruther have them two pigs than the finest greenhouse in the city of Cleveland. You see, I have a mighty poor opinion of flowers. I want something that I can turn into cash. Give me bread, and meat, and money, and you may have all the rest. Oh, you'll come out of all your fine lady ways by the time you've lived with me twenty-five years, Debby, and you'll be thankful that you didn't marry a foppish gosling of a fellow like Simpson Lambert, or Belial Gundry, or one of 'Squire Culler's boys," and he looked at his hands, after repeated rubbing on the legs of his pantaloons, and said: "Well, I'll have to wash my hands, I guess, the mud don't incline to rub off."

Debby went to her bed-room and took her cry quietly and alone. What she said to her angry self, and what her upbraidings were, no human ear heard, only after half an hour she came out, her eyes red and swollen, and the corner of her apron wet with tears, muttering: "Pish! twenty-five years! I pray not!"

So the pen stood there, and the pigs plowed their peaked noses under the cool roots in Debby's flower-bed, and, they rubbed their mangy sides against the lilac-bush, and they stood on their hind legs and squealed every time the door opened or the gate-latch clicked, and the little pen became so noisome and filthy, that the young husband had to enlarge it the length of a rail at the lower side. How fearfully they did root up that rich sheeny sward!

"When Debby said, in a troubled way: "O 'Than'el! the yard will be ruined before you get those things away from here," he looked down at the little creature as though he pitied her for her ignorance more than anything else, and said: "Poh! that will enrich the sod, it began to need a good stirring up; indeed, a pen as long as the yard is wide—say from yon cedar there, down below the weepin' willer, filled with rousin' big fellars, able for their half bushel a day, would only make this old hide-bound door-yard bloom out like the—like the—flocks upon a thousand hills, as the Scripter has it."

"Oh, dear me, I wish people could see alike!" said Debby, almost groaning.

"Pity people can't see what's for their own interest, that's what I have to say," he replied. "It's terrible where folks are more nice than wise, and where they give more thought to the outside o' the platter than to what's on it," and he stood and looked keenly at his wife, as though he were making an estimate or taking an inventory.

"I didn't deceive you, Debby, 'fore I married ye, did I? Don't you mind, once, when we was going to meeting, down at Sheldon's Grove, together, and you stuck a little pinch of posies in a buttonhole in my new satin jacket, at the same time you put one in your bow of neck-ribbon. I only wore it till we got over the bars into the timber lot; don't you mind I told you I didn't go in for any such falderals? No, Debby, I'd bite my own ears off, clean up, before I'd 'a' deceived you in the smallest thing. I told you I had my own natural ways, not quite like other people's, and that we'd have to yield to each other, if we got along peaceably. Debby, I'll stick to you and I'll do the fair thing and deal honestly by you."

"But it seems to me, 'Than'el, that if a man cares much for his wife, he will humor her a little sometimes, even if he doesn't quite see as she does," said Debby. "I never knew of one instance yet in which you gave way an inch to please me."

"Well," said he, "that was because you were always wrong. If I see that it is my interest to do a thing in which I am the gainer, or in which I make money, then your weak wishes must be put aside, and there is no use whimpering about it. Duty comes first, and justice, and law, and order, all come first, pleasure must be set aside because it is one of the minor pointa." He stood and "discoursed" a long time, meanwhile he was trimmings his nails with his pocket-knife.

Nathaniel Thompson thought he stood without a peer among men; he was given to "discouraging" and "discussing," he would quibble an hour over a trifle not worth a moment's serious thought.

And so they lived. The years were freighted with the ills common to the lot of man. He prospered in a worldly sense, he made money, and the little wife was a helpmeet whom he could appreciate for her industry and good management. But he grew yet more sordid and distrustful, and he was always on the alert lest some man would take advantage of him. The little woman at his side was slowly starving, pining, fading, yet prompt in her place and ever ready to do the duties devolving upon her. Two children, both girls, had come to them, and they added new cares to the busy household. Already could Emma, the eldest, six years old, make all the plain work in a shirt for her father. Be sure, the mother disapproved of such a proceeding, but 'Than'el said he had seen little girls do all the fine stitching on shirts who were a year younger than she, and they did it well, and what the child of another man could do, his must do likewise. If Jeremiah Bacon's Filura, only five years and eight months old, could hem-stitch a shirt passably, then 'Than'el Thompson's Ellen could be made to do the same thing very passably. So the wee one sat doubled up on the door-step, her eyes close down to the work pinned on her uplifted knee, and she strove to make each stitch shorter and nicer than the one preceding.

Poor little girls! their father had a theory that exposure to the weather toughened children, that the

reason so many died young was because they were petted, and cuddled, and fussed over—he would show to the world something new, he would teach them a lesson for which the recompense would be strong constitutions, robust and rosy health such as the women of to-day pined for, and length of years quite as they were in the days of the patriarchs.

The grandmother was kind, but this house was hers, and she felt that any changes of which she disapproved must not be allowed at all. No interloper must come into her house and dictate, much less be the mistress. So everything remained the same—the window-curtains must be starched white muslin, reaching from the middle of the window barely down to the bottom, the upper part was wall-paper, rolled up and tied with a cotton cord and tassels of cotton yarn or candle wicking. Around each bed were calico curtains, completely shutting it in and closing it against proper ventilation, while yullances were hung about the foot and front side. On the walls were pictures cut out of colored papers, and pasted on a white background. Conspicuous among them were the profiles of 'Than'el's father and mother, and uncles and aunts, mere caricatures, resembling nothing that mortal eyes had ever looked upon. The milk crocks hung on the points of the palings between the road and the dwelling, a fine long row of them, getting a sweet share of the pure airs and the generous sunshine. The tin pans and pails were laid the best side out on a wide bench on both sides of the door out under the windows; the family apparel hung on pegs on the walls, so as to make a good display. Whenever Debby violated any of these old-time customs by a judicious removal, the poor old mother quickly discovered it, and things were returned to their usual order.

"Mother is set in her ways," was what the old father always remarked whenever he saw there was a soothing apology required. That was apology sufficient, and Debby kindly endeavored to bear it in remembrance.

"You want a Leghorn bonnet, do you, Debby?" said 'Than'el, one morning after breakfast. "Well, I am willing you should have one; I'm not the man to deny his wife any little piece of foolishness, even though I don't approve of it. Yes, you must have a bonnet if you want it, and if the new roof never goes on to the corn-crib; it can leak another year, I s'pose," and here he caught a long breath, as though he were one of those who "suffer and be strong."

"I don't want it if you are not willing, 'Than'el," said she, with just a little tremor in her voice. "I can wear the old tuscan awhile longer."

"Who said I wasn't willing?" he snarled out at the top of his voice. "I tell you it's want this, and that, and 't other—a bonnet now, and a dress then, and a piece of calico afterwards, just all the while! There's nothing can equal the wants of a wife; they harass a man for money all the time. I'd like to know what became of that dollar I gave you the first of the month!"

"That dollar! That whole dollar that you gave

me two weeks ago to buy muslin, and tea, and sugar and pills, and to pay the man for cleaning the well besides!" said Debby, staring at her husband with a look as though she thought the whole man could be put into a pint cup.

"Well, if you want the bonnet, and your conscience will let you git it while the miserable old leaky roof remains on the corn-crib, all I have to say is git it, and wear it, and feel big, and good, and rich while you step round in it; that's all I have to say," said he, taking up his hat and marching off to his work.

But Debby didn't get it; she put new ties on the old tuscan, twisted the faded flowers on it into another shape, cut off the buds that began to show cotton inside, heaved a long sigh, and didn't need the new bonnet at all.

The following week a lady called in who was getting names to send for a magazine—one devoted especially to wives and mothers.

Now Debby Thompson had always wanted a magazine. How she had longed for the clean, fair, pretty pages of one when she sat down to rest few minutes in the afternoon in her rocking-chair! How it would have comforted her! How much strength she could have gleaned from articles written by those who in very heart and deed were her sisters and her friends! But, no, she never even hoped to see her own name on the margin of any fresh, uncut, woman's magazine.

"Let me put your name down, please," said the lady agent, her pencil already in her fingers.

"I cannot pay for it. I wish I could," said Debby, with down-cast eyes and a shamed face.

"You, one of the heads of the family, and wanting a magazine, and not able to pay for it! My dear woman, nothing is too good for you," said the agent. "Where's your husband?"

Just that instant 'Than'el came from the field to the well, and the lady went out and made her errand known.

What she said no one ever knew, but, strange enough, he did sign for the periodical for his wife; and that one deed was like a broad streak of sunshine into the gloom of a dungeon.

That night he made a proposition that if she would milk six cows she should have all the proceeds that came from the sale of the butter, over and above what bought all the groceries and necessary articles needed in the family. He thought this a very liberal offer, and that any saving, prudent woman ought to lay up money, and have a good sum in the bank at the end of the year.

Debby accepted the proposition, but not with the enthusiasm that her husband expected. Already she tottered under her merciless burden.

For two years she was enabled to buy many of the things that she had long wished for—hats for the little girls, and juvenile books and boxes of paints for them, and birthday presents, and twice she bought grown books, and she could afford to get some of the old furniture dressed over and made to

look new. But, alas! the life of the poor wife and mother went out daily; her burden was too heavy; the penalty was the price of blood.

She had become a member of the church, but it was three miles distant, and she had no way of going only on foot. When she suggested that they could all go and ride in the farm wagon, 'Than'el said no man who had any feelin's for his horses would use them all the week and on Sunday, too; that the Scripter said a massif man was massif to the beasts.

So Debby walked whenever the weather was good, while 'Than'el crept back under the bed where the flies wouldn't bother him, and slept and rested, and lay awake and planned, and came out and ate, and crawled back again, and was thankful that such long, lonesome days only came once a week. The old people sat and smoked, and crooned over the family record, and disagreed sometimes about the dates therein. He said Elijar John was born in May, the fourteenth, and she said it was in June. He knew it was May because they were planting corn, and never a Thompson was so dilatory as to plant in June. She knew it was June because the "meadher was afame with dandelions," and they were past their prime, and beginning to fuzz all along the path down to the spring-house.

One hot summer Sabbath afternoon, on her way home from church, Debby sat down at the roadside to rest. She was very weary. She leaned her head against the rough bark of an old oak. She closed her eyes; she seemed to hear the roar of rushing waves, the stirring of the myriads of forest leaves above her head. The sounds soothed her; she sank down gently upon the green moss at her feet, and she knew no more; she had fainted from very weariness of soul and body. What a delicious repose!

An old farmer, sauntering out to the hill-side pasture to see if the ewes had plenty of water yet, saw the poor creature, recognized her, and took her home in his buggy.

She was as one in a dream; she slept much, awoke, smiled languidly, and slept more. Her little girls placed their rude pictures in her hands, and tried to please her and attract her attention, but she never fully roused again. A stout hired girl came and took the place of the frail little mother; she milked the six cows, and the smooth handle of the well-worn churn-dasher was nothing in the muscular clutch.

The kind old mother-in-law brought forth her bags of dried herbs from the rafters of the attic, and concocted teas, and cordials, and tonics, and syrups, and expectorants; but they availed Debby nothing.

The old father pitied her, and he filled his pipe and lighted it and went out doors to smoke, generally sitting by an open window, or where the wind would whirl round the corner and carry within the offensive and suffocating odor.

'Than'el would sit on the bedside and look on the changed face, while sorrow filled his heart. He did this regularly every day after his meals, holding his

toothpick in one hand, while the other, like a great claw, held the poor little thin hand that had been instrumental in working this ruin. Faithful, little, worn, brown hands, they lay on the outside on the patchwork quilt like leaves that had fallen with the earliest frost!

"You'll git well agin, Debby, that's a lady!" he would say; "and then you shall have times a heap easier. We'll have a new house with lots of rooms in it, like Jim Sexton's, and I'll have the spring over on the beech hill carried to the very door, instead of this heavy old windlass and bucket; and I'll buy a sewing machine and an organ for you and the girls, blamed if I don't, if I have to sell every creetur on the farm, Debby."

But his promises of future ease and comfort were not heard, for the broken-down little wife had fallen asleep with the smiles on her lips.

"Rouse up, Debby, that's a lady," said he, patting her sunken cheek. "I want you to hear all these nice things."

She started, and opened her eyes widely, and looked at him with wonderment in them.

"I'm going to buy a carriage when you get well, and we'll ride to meetin' together like white folks—eh-heh, won't that be fine! The cushions will be of finest blue cloth, and the curtains will be fringed with silk, and it will be as soft as a lady-bird's nest, and the springs will toss us up and down. Oh my! how grand!"

Again she slept, while the smile yet lingered on her lips.

"Ha, Debby!" said he, as he shook her by the shoulder. "I want ye to rouse up and talk with me! Don't you want some of mammy's good herb tea to make you feel better? Tell me where you are sick, Debby? Does your head pain, or your breast, or your poor little back? Don't you want me to rub your arms and put a little life into 'em?" and he slid back the sleeve of the humble calico gown and began rubbing it.

She moaned and drew it back. He was touched. He had no idea of the size of her emaciated arms until that one lay across his broad, horny hand. It was the merest apology of an arm. He turned away and walked out into the garden, ashamed of the tears that blinded his sight.

Ah, who made those regular beds, and planted the seeds and watered, and weeded, and tended that marvel of a garden, but that little martyr lying on her death-bed? The tears fell fast. He could not endure this harrowing sight. He went out of the garden, and there in the yard were her poor flower-beds, with sticks and brush about them to ward off the calves which he would keep in the door-yard in spite of her earnest wish that this one little home-spot could be spared to her alone.

He sat down and buried his face in his hands, and the tears rained down through his fingers. Was ever man so utterly miserable?

While he sat there, a cry went from his house: "Come quick! she calls for you!"

He flew to Debby's bedside. Her eyes beamed brightly upon him; her lips moved; she tried to talk—she struggled in the effort; she frantically caught his hand; how expressive her gaze, how eager her efforts to speak, but how futile! Not one word could be understood. While she yet moved her lips, her eyes fixed upon him, became glassy, and staring, and immovable, and amid the cries of the desolated household the soul left the poor tenement of flesh, and only the little wreck of a body, cold and emaciated, was all that remained of poor Debby Thompson!

For a time, "Than'el grieved in a hopeless, selfish way; he missed the tender hands, the softly-spoken words, the careful guardianship of the faithful wife who had laid down her life for her family. But in a few months he fell back into the old ways, and was the hard, greedy, niggardly farmer, the ignorant father and the son who ruled with an iron hand.

His little girls were doubly and most sorely bereft. During an attack of diphtheria, the wise father in his toughening process of dealing with his children, was the cause of their death; suddenly it came and without warning. It was a blessed release; they never would have been happy, those tender, loving, little ones apart from their sainted mother.

The minister's wife, a sweet woman, spiritually-minded, said she believed the strong love of their mother in Heaven drew the lonely little ones to her, that there was a magnetism in her pure affection that drew them irresistibly heavenward. At least it was well for the children. When the poor dears lay in their coffin, side by side, swollen and purple, and unnatural in appearance, the strange father somewhat doubted the feasibility of hardening little girls, and making them as robust as Indians, and as long-lived as patriarchs. He beat upon his breast in the very agony of remorse, but his sorrow came too late, it availed him nothing.

And as long as time rolls on will there be "Than'els and Debbies; marriages that are mockeries and thralldom; nurseries of sorrow and anguish.

THE ONE WHO HAS GONE ASTRAY.

BY R. G.

THE day hath been full of blessing,
And Mercy hath watched thy way,
But far in the gloom are pressing
The feet which have gone astray.

There are shelter and joy before thee,
Thy soul shall rest as a child's,
The angels of God are o'er thee—
But, oh! the soul in the wilds!

Turn, turn from thy sweet, calm vision,
And tenderly kneel and pray:
"God watch from Thy heights elysian
The one who has gone astray!"

SILHOUETTES.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

I DO not wonder we win little love,
So many of us test
Our own beloved, showing them ourselves
In profile at the best.
Before their yearning eyes a silhouette,—
A shadow-picture of ourselves we set.

But outlines, filled with black to our beloved
In taunting mood we show;
It should be life's full picture tinted soft,
Lit up with the soul's glow.
We seem ashamed to let our dearest see
Our love-lit eyes, and lips that quiveringly

Take up their words and try them o'er and o'er,
As babes do their first word;
We turn away our lips lest any chord
Betray when it is stirred
Responsive to the love that some one spake.
A caricature, in perverse mood we make

Of our own inward selves for our beloved,
A hint, a mere outline,
Drawn carelessly, and little like ourselves.
We cannot well define
This hiding from our loved our life of life,
Covering our heart with its warm pulses rife.

This casting down a stray leaf now and then,
For our beloved to read,
Torn from the volume of our inner life,
Unless it be indeed
The soul is calm while these stray leaves are sown,
Biding its time to know, and to be known.

But is it right to mask our very soul,
And wear a strange disguise,
To hide our face and make our voice so strange,
When true love underlies
This outward seeming? Give us, Lord, the grace
To answer our beloved face to face,

As the clear water giveth answer back
To him who looks therein
A picture tinted with life's warmest glow,
May our beloved win
Our soul's true outline. Do not fill as yet,
Beloved, the outlines of your silhouette.

AN amusing instance of carrying religion into business occurred some time since in this wise. A farmer went to a broker to buy some "Governments." "What denomination will you have?" asked the broker. The question was a poser, but the farmer was equal to the emergency, and replied, after a moment's reflection: "I guess I'll take part of 'em in Old-School Presbyterian, just to please the old lady; but give me the heft of 'em in Free-will Baptist."

AN OLD RELIGION.*

THREE are few religions in the world so hoary with age and distance as the worship of Brahma. Twenty-four hundred years ago it was already old, and had placed its heavy burdens, intolerable to bear, on the shoulders of the people. The doctrine of *caste* divided each order from the other by impassable barriers, and lowest of all were the natives of the country, subjected to slavery, shunned, despised and outcasts by night and day. For the future, all were taught only to anticipate development, through a long cycle of painful and weary lives, until they were absorbed again into the supreme life of Brahma.

The faith of Buddha was a reaction against this, twenty-four hundred years ago. Buddha himself was a reformer, an innovator, what might now be termed a "protestant," dear to the hearts of the common people because he dared to teach the love of humanity, the beautiful thought of kinship and brotherhood. Many of his teachings are transfused with the vague, mystical shadowiness of oriental thought, and his own memory has been overgrown with mystical legends and superstitions, until the first outlines have almost disappeared. But enough remains to show how God left not Himself without a witness among men, but revealed Himself in many ways to the races that dwelt in darkness and longed for light.

Do you remember the pathetic story of the poor widow's offering in the temple at Jerusalem? "She of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living," and her gift was accounted as far outweighing the treasures of the rich. Here is an old, old story of Buddha which breathes the same beautiful meaning, foreshadowing the law of love which was to be fulfilled in the Divine Humanity of Christ. The Tshandalas were despised by the other castes; they were forced to wear a peculiar badge on their clothes, and as they wandered sad and silent through streets and highways, they were scorned by those they met. The soldiers, the merchants, the priests, shrank even from the touch of their garments. At night, when each one came to those most dearly beloved—to his home—these poor creatures were pitilessly driven from the gates. The God who revealed Himself to them was seen only in the mysterious solitude of dark woods, in the breathless silence of noon, in the rushing storm-cloud—not in the tenderness and grace of humanity. One day, the legend says, Buddha received the gifts of his worshippers. "There came many rich men and women and cast flowers of exquisite fragrance and color into the wooden bowl which he held in his hands; but they dwindled away as they fell, and the bowl was not filled. Then there came a poor Tshandala, timidly stealing through the crowd and shrinking from their gaze. He threw a few wild flowers upon the rest. By these flowers the bowl was filled."

We, too, have the iron laws of caste—of intellect,

of art, of theology. We shrink with loathing from unrefinement, from the ugly, the vulgar, the common; from unfamiliar forms of faith and thought. These are always without our gates, and we forget how often these things may be only outside husks, rough sheaths that might conceal a gem of fairness. For the essential Love, which is vitality and beauty, dwells in infinitely diversified forms; and when it is kindled, the wild flower outgrows and blooms all the "colored phantasies" of royal gardens. Our own despised days—for the outside life always looks bare and unlovely by the desire with which we measure it—when given to God, will be fuller and more beautiful than the lives of which we dream—of fulfilled ambition or desire. Nothing common is, or unclean, to the soul that sees.

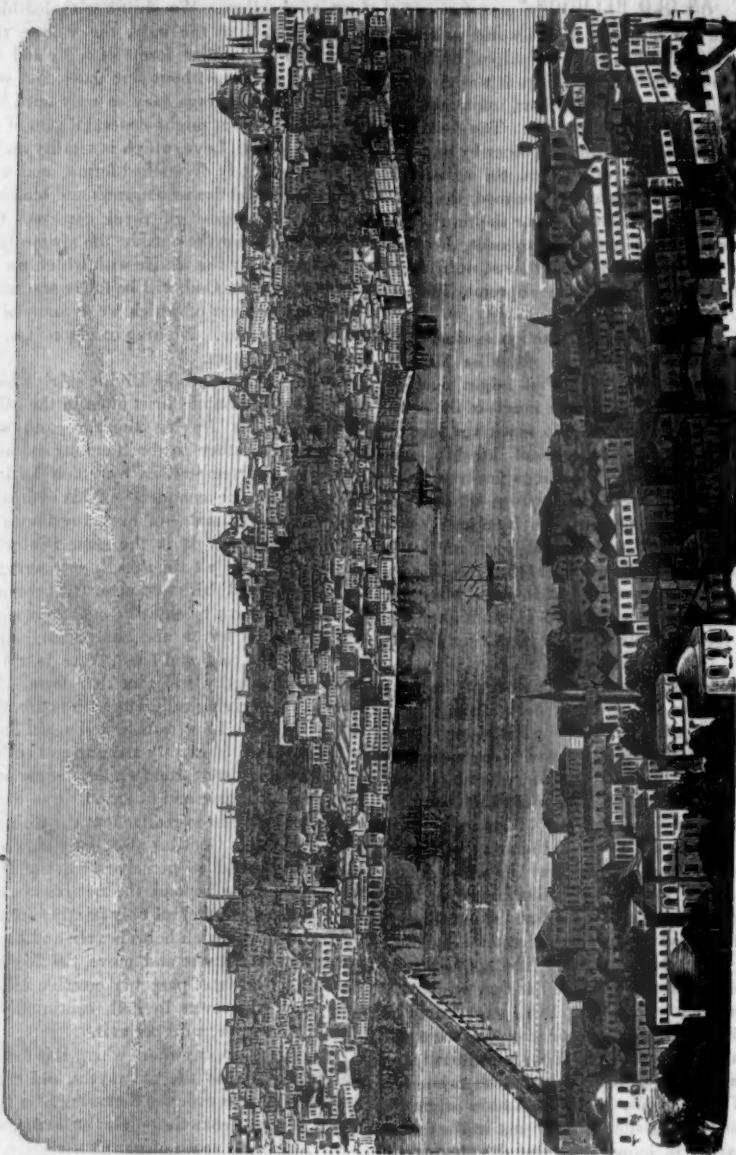
We feel the life and the Divine spirit which found its full Incarnation of Christ often in the old story of Buddha—of his leaving the rare and wonderful palace of his father to dwell among sad and dying people—of the temptations by which he is assailed and in which he conquers—of his sympathy even with suffering animals—of his going among the poor and the despised. It is the same Divine Thought running through all the ages, interweaving itself in all religions and faiths of men. Wherever a belief has lost its growth by shutting out the recognition of love's supreme fervor and abnegation, and becomes stone-like, and cold, and fixed, there is a Divine revival of its sanctity under another form. The ever-dying, ever-reviving religious faith is this alone—the vision of Divine Love, beheld and again lost sight of in the darkness of earthly anxiety and evils.

It is our greatest comfort that every succeeding vision seems clearer and fuller. It was hard for the Hebraic Christians to realize that the tidings of great joy were for the Gentiles also; very slowly have the orthodox learned to perceive that the Divine presence may shine beyond their barriers and limits; the broadcast creed of all only faintly adumbrates the universal Love which holds heaven and the earth, all creatures that breathe and move, the flower and dust atom, in the might of perpetual creation and guardianship; yea, who, even in hell, continually restrains from a worse woe, a deeper evil.

We cannot go anywhere where His footsteps have not trod. Across the old myths, old traditions of gods and men, is ever the flickering of a light, sometimes blurred, sometimes almost extinguished, but always the same truth of our Christianity, our Revelation. If there were not this continuity of thought, we might doubt the Eternal Fatherhood, but He is ever present, ever Love unchangeable, and the growth, the change, the dying and reviving, are ours.

A SMOOTH sea never made a skilful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify a man for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager.

* New Jerusalem Messenger.



CONSTANTINOPLE WITH THE SUBURBS OF GALATIA.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, that is, the City of Constantine, was made the capital of the Roman empire, A. D. 330, by Constantine the Great, who called it after his own name. Previous to this it had been called Byzantium, under which name its history can be traced back to the year 667, B. C., when its foundations were laid by emigrants from Megara. In the year 1453, Constantinople was captured by the Turks, who made it the capital of their empire, calling it Stamboul or Istamboul. It is

beautifully situated on a series of gentle hills, at the eastern extremity of a triangular promontory, on the European side of the Thracian Bosphorus, near its opening into the sea of Marmora. A narrow arm of the sea, called the Golden Horn, extends some six miles inland on its northern side, forming a safe and commodious harbor, capable of containing twelve hundred ships of the largest size. The Horn, which varies from a quarter to a half a mile in width, is usually crowded with vessels, and presents a lively, bustling scene.

Constantinople proper, which is thus surrounded by water on all sides but the west, lies entirely on the southern side of the Golden Horn, and is protected by a wall, partly in a ruinous condition, some thirteen miles in extent. The inland, or western wall, though dilapidated, is a magnificent specimen of rural architecture, and is pierced by six gates. On the northern side of the Horn are the suburbs of Galata, where the foreign merchants have their stores and counting-houses; Pera, which is separated from Galata by a wall with gates; and Top-Hanei, a continuation up the Bosphorus, of Galata, where there is a government foundry and arsenal for cannon. Galata is connected with Constantinople by a bridge of boats. On the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus are Scutari and Kadikoi, the ancient Chalcedon. With these suburbs, the total population of the great capital is estimated at about eight hundred thousand.

Viewed from Galata, Constantinople, with its gardens, cypress trees, mosques, minarets, palaces and towers, presents a splendid appearance, while the surrounding country is of almost unrivaled beauty. Entering the city, however, one finds the streets narrow, dark, crooked, ill-paved and reeking with filth, while the houses are generally low, poorly-built structures, of wood or earth, and in some cases of rough, unhewn stone. Nevertheless, there are quarters of the city in which rise handsome stone mansions, built in the European style, and worthy the capital of a great nation.

Among the attractions of Constantinople may be mentioned the Seraglio, situated on the extreme point of the promontory at the junction of the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus. With its palaces, gardens and groves, it occupies an area about three miles in circumference. The engraving of "Constantinople and the Bosphorus," gives a very fine view of the Seraglio and the mosque of St. Sophia, which is included within its walls.

All told, there are nearly three hundred mosques in Constantinople, all more or less remarkable for grandeur and beauty. The imperial mosques, of which there are probably fifteen, have the name of being the finest edifices of the kind in the world. The largest and most magnificent of these is that of Suleimana. Next to this in extent, but of much older date, is the former Christian Church, now mosque, of St. Sophia, the model of nearly all the mosques in the Ottoman empire. The walls and domes, of which last it has twenty of equal dimensions springing from the same level, and sustained by twelve huge columns, are covered, in conformity with the Byzantine style, with Mosaic figures and devices. The open square in which it stands is paved with waved marble, to imitate the swelling of the sea, and shaded by magnificent plane trees. The interior is covered with the richest Turkey and Persian carpets. Another celebrated mosque is that of Achmed. Built on an elevated position, it is the most conspicuous object in the city from the sea of Marmora. The minarets are exquisitely beautiful, and ascend to a great height.

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The two obelisks of the ancient Hippodrome; the Castle of the Seven Towers, now in a ruinous condition; the aqueducts of Valens; the cistern of Philoxenus, with its four hundred and twenty-four marble columns; and the numerous fountains, are among the other most notable objects in Constantinople. The covered Bazaars, almost infinite in number, and in which a rich variety of gay and glittering wares are most attractively exposed, will likewise strike the attention of the stranger. He will also notice the large number of public baths, of which there are more than a hundred, mostly of marble, exteriorly rather plain, but handsome and commodious within. Another remarkable but not very agreeable feature of the city is the vast concourse of lean and hungry dogs which haunt the streets, rendering it difficult at times to pass through them. These dogs are the city scavengers, and are in some sort public property.

Other peculiar institutions of Constantinople are its coffee-houses and lodging-houses, called "Khans." Both are numerously dispersed throughout the city. The "Khans," of which there are more than two hundred, are intended for the accommodation of strangers, who may have in them an apartment, with command of the key, in which they may leave their property and live themselves, in perfect security, with no other charge than a small fee to the servants.

A marked feature in the internal economy of the city is seen in its extensive facilities for education. It contains more than a thousand elementary schools, besides numerous free schools of a higher grade, and thirteen law and theological seminaries, attached to different mosques. There is also in the city, either as independent organizations or in connection with mosques, some forty public libraries, none of them containing less than one thousand, and some more than five thousand manuscripts. In addition to all these, there are numerous special schools and associations for literary and scientific purposes. Among these may be mentioned the military college, where three hundred students are lodged, fed and instructed gratuitously. To every barrack, also, is attached a school for the young men entering the national service.

The numerous cemeteries scattered through Constantinople, but mostly in its vicinity outside the western wall, are among its greatest ornaments. Having been in existence for centuries, they have grown into vast forests, extending for miles around the city and its suburbs. The people of every creed have distinct quarters allotted them.

THE bow that is always bent will suffer a great abatement in the strength of it; and so the mind of man will be too much subdued, and humbled, and wearied, should it be always intent upon the cares and business of life, without the allowance of something whereby it may divert and recreate itself. But then, as no man uses to make a meal of sweetmeats, so we must take care that we be not excessive and immoderate in the pursuit of those pleasures we have made choice of.

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OLD MARTIN BOSCAWEN'S JEST.*

BY MARIAN C. L. REEVES,

Author of "Wearithorne,"

AND EMILY READ,

Author of "Aytoun," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

Low on the sodden ground
 Dead flowers lie;
 The rain-befringed boughs round,
 With low, faint-breathing sound,
 Bow down the head—
 With weary, hopeless sigh
 For bright days dead.
 There is no rose, not one,
 To glad the place:
 But, summer being done,
 The old thorns linger on,
 And keener show,
 Because the summer's grace
 Is all laid low.
 And in my heart, frost-bound,
 Dead hopes lie low,—
 No spring may deck that ground,
 With freshening verdure crowned,—
 No rose be-gem—
 But the old thorns shall grow
 From the old stem.

ADREARIER day could not be found. Long banks of gray on the horizon, and great ragged tatters of gray swung overhead and veering about fitfully, make gloomy even the occasional glimpses of a watery sun. Just now, his rays strike athwart upon a ridge of sand-dunes, where showery rain is drifting in the distance, and a shaft of rainbow-light stands up—the “weather-dog,” that, as the country-people say, points to a coming heavy storm. There is one watcher here, who anxiously observes the sign: then turns her impatient glance away to yonder bend in the road, along which, as she looks, there comes a laden donkey-cart.

The spot which she has chosen for this waiting of hers, is an odd place enough. It might, at a first careless glance, be taken for some odd fortification or earth-work of defence; but it is in reality a “Plaen an guare,” or ancient amphitheatre, once used for the performance of those mysteries from which everything in this form of entertainment has kept the old name of miracle-play, and to which gradually succeeded the Cornish interludes or drolls. Here, in this circular enclosed area, after the strictly religious plays had passed away, St. George and the Turkish knight were wont to ride a tilt, the hobby-horse pranced, and Duffy Lady schemed to outwit a certain mysterious personage who came out of yonder pit,

“—the devil

With his wooden pick and shovel,
 Digging tin by the bushel,
 With his tail cocked up—”

all to the edification of the thousand or two specta-

tors who found standing room on these seven circular rows of turf-steps mounting to the top of the rampart. On the top, the only occupant now sits,—a little shivering figure wrapped in a gray cloak, the hood of which is drawn over her head, leaving not much to be seen of the face turned eagerly to watch the road. As along it comes the donkey-cart, nearer and nearer, and the driver can be clearly discerned, this figure suddenly disappears from the outlook on the top of the rampart, down the steps within, and then emerges from the passage-way below, which used to admit spectators to their standing-room on the steps. The little gray figure leaves the amphitheatre behind, and strikes across the road, over which the sturdy, light-haired Cornish donkey is making good time, while his master, seated a-top one of the bags with which the wagon is filled, leaves the animal the reins, himself being sufficiently occupied with fiddling the accompaniment of a song in which the jolting of the road lends an additional quaver to the voice already something gifted therein by age.

“‘Pray, whither so trippingly, pretty fair maid,
 With your face rosy white, and your soft, yellow hair?
 Sweet sir, to the well in the summer-wood shade,
 For strawberry leaves make the young maiden fair.’

“‘May I go with you, pretty fair maid—?’”

“And may I go with you, Uncle Saundry?’”

The old blind man stops, startled. He has not heard the step, through the jog-trot of his donkey, the creaking of his wagon, and the somewhat creaky sound of his fiddle; if, indeed, the step could have been heard upon the sandy road. Then he lets his fiddle sink slowly from its resting-place under his chin, and turns his face as slowly aside from the voice which may all the better reach his ear, that second sight of his. But a flush spreads over the speaker’s pale face, and she draws her hood closer, as if he could see as well as hear, in that questioning attitude; and she says, in a changed tone: “You don’t know me, Uncle Saundry, I bla: there be many folk know you, as you ha’ little knowledge o’. It be n’t first time I ha’ seen ‘ee a carrying o’ the sea-sand from the shore; and if so be you’d let me ha’ a lift along wi’ the bags—”

“Sure-ly. It be a matter o’ twenty-five mile and more, I be going, counting all the inns and outs. I’ve some o’ this sea-wrack to leave at Scorrer Hall, and some at Trevince—eh, but they say the camellias blooming in the garden there now, be a sight to behold!—they always take my sand there. After that, I be straight for Falmouth; and if I can set ‘ee down anywhere between here and there—”

His pause is a questioning one; but it gets no very direct reply.

“Then I may get up, Uncle Saundry? There, don’t ‘ee trouble,—I be all right.”

This last, in answer to a movement of his, as if to assist her; an unnecessary courtesy, for she has swung herself up lightly to her place among the bags, which she pushes a little this way and that, until she has ensconced herself in a nook equally

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by MARIAN C. L. REEVES, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

screened from the bleak west wind and from the glance of passers-by.

"All right, be you, my maid?" says the old man; "for from the voice of you, it's easy told you be a young maid. So, then, we're off. K'up, k'up," with a shake of the reins upon the donkey's neck. "Annybody 'ud think 'ee been piskie-ridden over-night, by the slow pace 'ee keep."

This to Dobbin, meets with an immediate response in the quickening of his gait; and, indeed, it seems that only Dobbin is in a responsive mood, for old Saundry's sundry attempts at conversation with the "young maid" meet with a brief ay or na. So he presently takes up his fiddle again, prefacing with the supposition that a lively "stream" or two would shorten the way a crum. His passenger may agree with him, as he strikes up the air of the "Furry Song," to which the lads and lasses troop out of Helston on a bright eighth of May morning, "to fetch the summer home, the summer and the May O." At least if she does not agree with him, she shows it by no sign. But she moves restlessly in her place when he has tuned the fiddle again and breaks out with:

" 'Twas down in the garden green, sweetheart,
Where you and I did walk;
The fairest flower that in the garden grew
Is withered to a stalk.

"The stalk will bear no leaves, sweetheart,
The flowers will ne'er return,
And since my true love is gone, is gone,
What can I do but mourn?

"A twelvemonth and a day being gone,
The spirit rose and spoke:
My body is clay-cold, sweetheart,
My breath smells heavy and strong,
And if you kiss my lily-white lips,
Your time will—"

"Uncle Saundry—"

He is in full tide of his improvised flourishes upon the air, and does not hear her the first time she speaks. She says again, breathlessly, as if she must cut that song short: "Uncle Saundry, does your donkey—do he know the right turns i' the road?"

"Why, surely, dearie. They donkeys ha' more sense than manny a one as goes on two legs, and ben't called donkey neither; and this'n, not a dog in anny hundred i' the county can lead a blind man better. A good dozen years we been plodding this road, and he knows every foot of the way, so well as the best. Eh, but he'll tell me a manny things while we go jogging on! Why, just to-day, wi' his hooting, he been telling me o' the storm a brewing, all so well as if I could look for myself and see the weather-dog—or the 'weather's eye,' as my grandmother used to say were the old Cornish; and she knew it well, for it were still spoken i' the west country when she were a little maid. And now, see how he be drawing slowly up this slope; that be to say to me: 'Old Saundry, here we be a-top o' this ridge—do 'ee open your memory's eye, and look up

over yonder at the Karkle heights. You ha' it all there i' your memory's eye,' he says to me 'all as ever I be blinking at; the wild waste o' the sands and towans wi' the far white sea glinting between; thecombe, wi' its stone cottage down in the old apple-trees; the wind-swept hill-top, bare to its gray crown o' cairns, wi' its patch o' snow a clinging on some ledge, or hiding in some hollow; the furzy bottom, deep down, shining wi' the golden furze and brown wi' heather."

"I'm none so sorry for you, Uncle Saundry," says the girl, watching the eager old face kindling as if the blind eyes were indeed gazing out on all these familiar scenes. "You see more than the rest of us, who, like enow, be looking only at the clouds i' our own sky."

"Eh, that be the way wi' the young; they ha' lived just one little bright hour since sunrise, and they think as the sun ha' set all to once, when the first cloud gathers over it. After awhile, they learn to look for it to come out from ahind the cloud."

"Do they?" says the girl, drearily.

She is evidently not speaking to her companion; for when he, not having caught the undertone, turns his head questioningly, she says in quite another voice: "There now, Uncle Saundry, what ha' the donkey to say to 'ee now? For he be stopping right i' the middle o' the road, turning his long ears back, as if waiting for an answer."

Old Saundry gives his reins a shake, and a little admonitory jerk to one side.

"That be to tell me we ha' come to another cross-roads. I count every stoppage he makes like that'n—so manny between Cubert and Falmouth like; and then I knew just where we be. This'n's Spearman's cross-roads, where the suicide were buried years ago, and the spirit used to walk here, till the folk got the blacksmith to forge an iron spear and drive en through the coffin to keep him still like; and since then he ben't seenanny more. The hurling and wrestling-matches used to be in a field over yonder; the lads now ben't like they i' the old time, not given s' much to the good old sports, as the Conournals put a stop to. And in the field beyond," pointing with his whip, a little out of range, however, "do ee see the circle o' the Dance-men standing up, wi' the Piper i' the midst—all turned to stone for dancing on a Sunday. And across there on the sands is where little Janniper saw the Small People feasting. I mind her story when I were a lad; how the table were spread like a silver moonbeam i' the towan's shadow, and cups and platters all o' diamonds and strange shining stones, and how little Janniper turned frightened, and so ran away, when if she'd but taken heart and touched the end o' the table, just wi' but the tip o' her finger, the fairies 'ud ha' flitted and left her the shining stones; for you know they can't take away anything's been touched by mortal hand."

"Did 'ee ever see anny o' the Small People, Uncle Saundry?"

"Na, cheeld, but I ha' seen folk as ha' seen 'en

and heard en, too. Why, that time I were working in Botallack mine, after I had come to grass one Christmas Eve, one o' the lads he got farther and farther down, and heard, beneath en still, like as it were under the deepest part, the roll of strange, wonderful music shaking the rocks; and strange, sweet voices—

"Now well! now well! now well!
Born is the King of Israel!"—

were what they sang, so well's he could make out the words. But who knows if they ben't the souls o' the Jew tanners at work here afore ever St. Paul came to Cornwall to buy tin, and who ha' to own the Lord at last?" the old man says, removing his hat reverently for a moment. "I ha' heard the old folk tell, too, when I were a croom of a lad," he adds, "as the oxen get down on their knees i' their stalls o' Christmas Eve: not as I believe it, for I never saw it myself, neither the man as had."

"Christmas ben't far off now," his companion says, half absently.

"And ar 'ee going to St. Ives for the geese-dancing there, cheeld, vean? Na?—but that 'ud be a pity. 'Tis twenty or some years since I could see the fun there, but it used to be a brave sight enow,—old Father Christmas wi' his train parading through the streets o' night,—twere a fine courant. And all the merry-makings; and the singers wi' their carols; and the Christmas market, gay as never were; and the bit o' laurel and o' prickly Christmas, stuck up everywhere. And all friends meeting together!"

The girl puts up her hand with a quick gesture of pain, and breaks in: "That's a chaffinch singing over yonder. A bit early for en to begin, eh, Uncle Saundry?"

"Ay. But then, this warm, damp, drisy weather we been having, it be like to set the birds free earlier than common. When the bitter cold sets in, you know, the singing-birds clap wing to wing and beak to beak, and, singing farewell so, sink down into deep pools away off on the downs, and there lie under the ice until the warm sun frees en. I know one man on Bodmin moor, had kept open a hole in the ice, to dip up in's net the fish as came to breathe there; and he made a catch o' a queer, slimy, frozen clod, and took it home, and laid it on the hearth, where it began to move. But just then, the cat made a dash, and ran away wi' en: else who knows how it might ha' flown abroad, singing and singing out o' a dozen bird-throats all to once?"

Who knows? Only the cat: in the absence of whose testimony on her feast, it is quite useless to pursue the subject farther. So a silence falls, as on the sober donkey keeps, at a steady pace, which changes the aspect of the road now and again. Here the brown, irregular hills are seen stretching away in the far distance; yonder, a mining tract, rugged and torn and bare, takes on "the shabby mien of a miser whose aspect does not correspond with his hoards." Upon the heathy down, a patch fenced in by a stone hedge, around a cottage built of stone, which costs nothing but the trouble of removing it

from the field, shows the miner's home, the land of which he leases for three lives, at a few shillings, rent, and where, when he comes to grass, he cultivates a potato-field; being also oftentimes no sorry fisherman. Here is a miner now, going to bal, in holland jacket and trousers, shovel on shoulder, and hogganbag in hand, holding his dinner. He looks up with a frank, straightforward glance from under his slouched hat in passing, to greet old Saundry, who says to the girl, as they jog on: "That were young Huey Calineck's voice, that works to bal at the new mine at Boscawen. Be we in the sight o' the mine yet?"

"Ay," she says, slowly, looking away to her right, over the desolate scene.

It is desolate. Only a rare glimpse of the western sea, through a rent in the black cliffs, or between the dunes stretching to northward; and the gray walls of the Priory, bleak and bare and unsunned, frowning down upon the oozy channel where the alder-brook once glinted, but glints there no more, between the great towan and the Priory walls. Beyond, nearer the road along which jogs the donkey-cart, and close beside the field where Seth Badger made love to Madelon one harvest sunset a few months ago, it is evident that a mine has lately been opened; there are pits, and sundry tall pieces of frame-work standing about, and a narrow building in the midst, with a heavy breath of black smoke pouring from the chimney and lowering darkly in the damp air. Groups of women are stooping with their hammers over piles of ore; but it is all too far away for a passer by the roadside to have any clearer view. Saundry, however, seems to know it all as well as if he had seen it for himself, for he is shaking his head over it.

"Folk tell me the mine ha' somehow drained away the brook as ran close by the Priory walls. That ben't, to my mind, not to say safe. They sands, they're always shifting, shifting: what for ever 'ud keep en from stealing down upon the old Priory itsen, if they're a mind, on some fine stormy night when the Witch o' Fraddam goes sailing about the coast in her coffin, stirring up the wind and waves wi' her wicked old broom? Why, ha'n't I heard my grandmother tell how, in her mother's day, the Barton of Upton, Lelant way, where she were dairy-maid, were buried in a single night; and don't I mind when the house came again to view through another shifting o' the sands, not twenty-five year agone? And the fields about Gwithian, as lie a dozen feet deep under the sand, that I mind once yellow wi' corn?—na, na, it be a dangerous thing, it be, and just a mere tempting o' Providence, to meddle wi' the streams as Providence ha' set like chains to bind the treacherous sands. This young Boscawen, now, he be as keen after bringing them riches to light, as the old maister were after keeping en dark. Why, folk don't know unto this day, I hear, where be all the old miser's money. Roscarrock, that were his lawyer years and years, he told this young Boscawen, so folk say, that the old maister knew all

along' o' this lode o' tin, and some think copper, too, down there under the field where the granite and slate meet. But as for Maister Badger, as were left heir to pretty much everything else, I hear he keeps it to himself, how much he's the richer for his uncle's death. Eh, eh, but riches ben't the best things after all—and that Maister Badger's but a red-haired Da-ané, I hear. The more's the pity, if so be the old maister's slip of a grand-daughter be tokened to en, as some do think."

The girl has not been heeding his rambling talk over-much; she has been gazing out absently over the sands. But now she gives a little start, and glances up questioningly into the old man's face beside her, unconscious of that sudden appeal. And then, with a faintly careless smile at the idleness of it, she turns and looks back over her shoulder. Over the sands—far over, to the gray walls of the Priory—

"Gee wup—k'up, k'up!" chirrups old Saundry; and the donkey mends his pace.

CHAPTER XIV.

Slow, slow it swayeth, to and fro,
The nursery lattice—I forget
How many years have worn by so:
It is as if an hour ago
I stood with little brown Nanette
To watch the falling of the snow.
Flake after flake. Ah me, Nanette,
Hand linked in hand we stood that night,
And watched them fall so soft and light;
Flake after flake, cold Time hath set
A wall between hand linked in hand,
That now apart we stand.

Slow, slow it swayeth, to and fro,
The casement lattice, all unbarred.
We never heard the chilly snow
That crept within; we did not know,
Nanette, our hearts were growing hard
With cold thoughts drifting in them so.
Ah, little, dimpled, brown Nanette,
Along the hall, along the stair
Are darkness, silence everywhere,
And gloom more sad with vain regret.
Too late to close the lattice fast
Against the snowy blast.

IT is no gentle breeze that shakes the ivy on the gable to-night; and it tears away at the boughs of the great fuchsia trained above the drawing-room windows, and finds no crimson bells to ring there now, but only a dry, dead clatter of twigs all roughened with ice-buds that mock the summer. On the hedge, too, the summer bloom is mocked in snow, and on the tall hydrangeas bending heavily about the glassy pool, under the elms all leafless now. A fierce north-west wind has been blowing for days past, and this morning the mists it gathered up over the sea began to fall in snow, that now and then varies into a freezing rain. Sometimes a shivery, pinch-faced moon looks coldly through the curtains of the clouds; there is no friendliness, as in the sum-

mer-time, in her glances down on the bleak lawn, though the sleet trees catch at them gratefully enough, and sparkle as they stiffly bow their salutation in return. And surely no summer, even here at bloomy Dinglefield, was ever clothed upon with radiance more brilliant than sparkles then from them, as well as from the fuchsia boughs against the house, whenever the wind catches and tosses them heavily across the window-panes, whence the glow of the lamps streams out through the only half-drawn curtains. Such a flash and glister of green-gold, of ruby, sapphire and diamond light; like the shining of a beauty whose time is overpast for roses.

Some such thought as this crosses Austell's mind as he paces up and down the gravel-sweep before the house with his cigar, and recalls a sketch he has once seen of the Old Year and the New; of a fair jewelled woman gazing out into the dimness of the future, through parted curtains which but just reveal that one glimpse of her face, while against their screening folds the shadow of the Old Year is flung, bent and decrepit, tottering past to his grave. He is very near it now, the Old Year. This is his last night; and as he totters on the few remaining steps, panting out heavily his last cold breath, he drags his snow-shroud after him. The flakes are beginning to fall again; Austell looks up, as that large one nearly puts out the red spark of his cigar. And in lowering again from the sky, his glance falls on a dark upper window. What subtle link of memory drags him back to a time when that window—the old nursery window—glowed with the red background of the fire-light, and there, watching the snow-flakes fall through the dusk, stood a-tiptoe a brownie of six years, hand in hand with a school boy twice her age, who, then at home for the Christmas holidays, had just made the discovery that Madelon was rather worth patronizing, and being loftily permitted to take an admiring and respectful interest in his pursuits. True, the little thing would let out his trapped hares—

Austell puts his hand over his eyes, and turns sharply away. He has been near forgetting. This small, soft, warm creature, shy and wild as one of those little brown hares she would save even from a moment of snared terror, could she be the same who had taken that fatal bowl in her hand?

Would she ever have given it? Surely, surely not! But the thought—the murderous intent—

Even the little, merry brown hares will turn and bite when roughly handled, will struggle to get free.

Why had he left the child to such a life as that? Was it such a wonder it had driven her wild—mad? Had she not told him she was frightened at herself in it?

And yet, such guilt as that?

Out of her own mouth she stands condemned, he says to himself, bitterly. Without that, in spite of Carlyon's chain of evidence, in spite of Leah's ignorant confirmation of it, in spite of Badger's reluctant admissions, he could not have believed. And even with all this, there are strange moments of folly in which he is mad enough to doubt, mad enough

almost to resolve to see the child again, now that he has come home at last, after his long absence.

He did try twice to see her before he went away from Cornwall. Once he went unexpectedly to the Priory, and Madelon was out, and did not return, though he stayed late for her. Again, he wrote that he was coming, and again Madelon was out, and her purpose to avoid him could not be doubted. Well, better so, perhaps: he will care for her safety, for her interests, he will make the girl rich with the hoarded wealth of that mine which the poor old man had kept hidden away for him, but which Austell will not touch for himself, now that his fortune and Madelon's may never be one and the same. Austell will do all this for Madelon: but to see her, no, the longer the slow months drag on, the more impossible that seems. Even Seth Badger—who, as she once told him, loved her—keeps away; and surely Seth Badger's honor is not more sensitive to a tarnish than Austell Boscawen's.

As Badger's name passes through Austell's mind, he sends an involuntary glance through the drawing-room window. It is in time to catch a pretty upward glance of Louise's, as she seats herself at the piano on which the heir of Martin Boscawen's still untold wealth is leaning before her. Louise is one among the girls in the family who always admired auburn hair; though she is not dissatisfied with her own yellow tresses, as she might be, did they make up the sum-total of all her golden inheritance. The scene within there, drives Austell to take another turn on the wet gravel, in the slowly falling snow. No doubt Badger is a good fellow enough in his way,—(the family have been giving him some pretty coats of white-wash, and Austell himself has been shamed out of half his prejudice by the man's delicate reserve concerning Madelon's act)—but Austell could wish that his way led less often to Dinglefield. Heigho! the old place is dreary enough.

He is looking up again, absently, at that nursery window, and is letting his cigar die out, and has half lost himself in those far-away days. When suddenly something—not a sound so much, over the deadening snow, as an unseen presence—makes him turn.

There in the dusky night—

"Madelon!" he says, half aloud, as if his thought had taken bodily shape.

But the next step shows him it is not Madelon, as well as the voice can tell him, which says: "Maister Austell."

He is standing in the light from the drawing-room window, so it is not difficult to recognize him.

"Leah! is it you?" he cries, with a great start, "What has brought you here this time of night? Where have you left Madelon?"

"I left her, Maister Austell?"

Old Leah has not advanced out of the shadow, else Austell might have been struck by the dazed look in her eyes, that turn slowly on him from the lighted window opposite which she, too, is, and through which she, too, sees that pantomime at the piano, where Seth is leaning, looking boldly down into

Louise's face, while with a pretty air distract she lets her white hands wander over the not whiter keys.

"He here!" Leah says, under her breath, before she turns to Austell with that answering question: "I left her, Maister Austell?"

"Where is Madelon?" he reiterates, with hasty peremptoriness.

Leah does not answer very promptly. If she were standing in the full light, Austell might have seen that her lips have moved slightly, and that she has checked the first words rising to them, before she says: "Why, look a here you, Maister Austell, you'd not ha' me bringing a young maid out all this long way in suchee a storm as this 'n? Not but what I bode to come mysen, not knawing if you'll ha' heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Eh, not over brave news, Maister Austell. 'Tis not beizbd that all should go well wi' us in this life, else we'd be deaf to the voice inside a calling us—"

"Leah," with sudden impatience, "you can improve your text afterward, but I must first know what it is you mean. What has happened?"

There is the slightest pause.

"Faith and troth, Maister Austell, but 'ee take a body's breath away! What should ha' happened? But you know the new mine at Boscawen?"

"The mine! Is anything the matter there?"

The tone is rather of relief; but he is still looking at her anxiously.

"Na, what should happen to the mine? But," in a complaining voice, "it ben't fair on the old house, that it ben't, to let the poor fool buccas dig and dig till they ha' turned away the brook as ran along by the walls. And that be what ha' come o' your fine mining, Maister Austell."

"Is that all, Aunt Leah?" with a strangely relieved laugh. "They've put you to inconvenience in the way of water, by this chance diverting of the stream? I'll see what can be done. But, then, there's a well in the town-place, I remember."

"Eh, but good lack! it be choked up, too."

"The well! Why, how is that? Certainly, you have reason to complain: without stream or well, the house must be uninhabitable."

"You ben't so far wrong there, Maister Austell. But the house be choked up, too."

Austell can only stare.

"Whatever could possess en to do it?" she resumes, after an emphatic pause. "The stream gone,—and 'ee knew how hard the wind been blowing from the sea, this three days past,—and the big towan that were over against the house—"

"Were?"

"It ha' smothered the house i' the night," she adds, with alacrity, having sufficiently prepared him, as she judges by that sharp, quick repetition of her word. "The wind were roaring like Tregagle's ghost, the whole night through, last night,—I covered up my head, to shut it out, like: and first thing in marning, when I durst look out, the sand were level wi' the windows on the second floor. The big towan

had just flung itsen across the dried bed o' the stream; the windows o' that side were blocked; even the town-place were filled wi' sand as drifted over the low part o' the wall."

"Good Heavens! And you and Madelon—"

"Trenoweth's lads come to help first thing in morning. They got me out of my window."

"And Madelon, where did you take her?"

There is a slight pause.

"Me, Maister Austell? I didn't take her anywhere."

He strides a step forward, and puts his hand heavily on her shoulder.

"Tell me where Madelon is."

The hoarse voice frightens her.

"Me, Maister Austell? But I knew no more than the dead."

"You know no more than— When is it you saw her last?"

She is quaking under the hand that still rests heavily on her shoulder. She draws a deep breath, and her old lips tremble a little, as if they feared the words upon them. Shall she tell him when? Shall she confess that not in last night's storm, but on one day more than a week ago, she lost trace of the girl who had been given into her charge by him? All trace; for though she had caught sight of Maister Seth talking with Miss Madelon upon the cliff, a few days before her disappearance, and had therefore connected that disappearance with him, yet his being here to-night seems to contradict that supposition. The truth is, Leah, taking her cue from the deportment of the Boscowen kindred, had turned the cold shoulder on the girl from the old maister's death, grumbling over the trouble of having a young maid to fend for, and reflecting that but for her she herself would be quite mistress at the Priory. So when the young maid suddenly disappeared, Leah couldn't see what call an old woman had to be following after, whether she had gone to Dinglefield or had taken a fancy to run away and marry her Cousin Seth. In one of these two ways, Leah had not doubted that the disappearance would be accounted for. And the road to Dinglefield was long; and Maister Austell had only come back home this week; and Leah had been willing to wait for events to develop themselves. But now that Miss Madelon is not at Dinglefield, and Maister Seth is—

Leah grows frightened. What will Maister Austell say to her neglect of his charge? Must she make the confession that was on her lips just now?

She checks herself; and when she does speak she has changed the words.

"How can I tell 'ee to the minute, Maister Austell?" she says; and he does not observe the evasion. "Miss Madelon, she taken a nif at me some time ago; ay, ever since the maister died; and she ben't friends wi' me, to tell me all her out-goings and incomings. It be building a wall round the cuckoo, that it be, to strive to keep Miss Madelon at home; you think if so be you'd ha' put one more course on, you'd ha' kept'n in; and all the time she be ready to

fly out over your head, or into your face, she'll not care which. And so, when she chose to go out on the cliff, to see if there were any hobble, what could I do but leave the door on the latch? She might ha' come in when she would, for me—"

"Did she come in, woman? Did you look for her throughout the house?"

"She weren't in the house, Maister Austell," slowly and reluctantly.

"And this morning? You have learned nothing of her?"

"I—I couldn't learn anything, Maister Austell—I—"

He has dropped his hand from her shoulder. He turns sharply away.

"Maister Austell, where art 'ee going?"

He flings back a glance over his shoulder as he goes.

"To the stables, for my horse. Go in and tell them I am off to Boscowen."

"To-night, Maister Austell? In the storm?"

Why should he answer? He turns sharply away. The old woman makes one movement, as if to follow him, as if to tell him something more. But he is gone. Why should she follow?

She turns slowly in-doors, and her face loses something of the conscience-stricken terror which the darkness hid from him, and wears a crafty smile instead.

"Let him go, if so be he's so keen after it," she says to herself, and lifts the latch of a side door.

(*To be continued.*)

A CITY BELLE.

L ADY, the night is fair,
And the light of the stars o'erhead
Makes the gleam of your golden hair
Shine out on your snowy bed.
The flowers you wore at the ball
Are withered and crumpled, alas!
For the fresh valley-lilies pall
In the fume of your lamps and gas!

Is it only your foot and your eye
Are wearied out with the whirl?
There is surely more in your sigh
Than the breath of an idle girl.

You went from your house in the square,
And the carpet was down on the flags—
Did you see how your carriage and pair
Had startled that bundle of rags?
"She's drunk"—that's all that they said,
And you leant back again in your brougham.
Did you deem that bundle so dead,
No pity could dawn on its gloom?

"You know it is sad," you say,
"But it cannot be helped as we are,
For hardly a night goes by
But a woman falls down as a star."

A woman? Ay, well there is more
Than rags on that cold pave-stone;
In the gleam of the ball-room floor,
Did you think of her looks and tone?

You step with a satin shoe,
And you rest on your damask chair;
Are there none of our briars and rue,
Woven in with the flowers you wear?
As the lights rock up to the roof,
And the dancers reel in the glare,
Is there never a stain on the woof
That you weave of your fancies there?

It is easy to dance with the tune,
And merry to float with the tide,

You have seen her once. "It is sad
To live in the mews," you said.
Poor child, she has come from the fields,
And doctors say she will die,
"Consumption will run; though it yields
For the time, must kill by and by."

But what of that bundle of rags?
You smile with a beautiful doubt;
But the starlight is there on the flags,
And you, sweet, are home from the rout.

You cannot rest as you are,
For the very flowers at your feet
Look up, as with pitiful eyes
They are calling you down to the street;



But even in the heat of our June,
Some blossoms are drifting aside.
There are lilies trampled and torn
In the by-paths even in May;
Do you think of the hearts forlorn
That break on the broad highway?

You mean no ill to your kind,
For that soft hand slipt in your purse
Will give to street cripple or blind—
Do they never thank with a curse?

You give to your fair groom-lad
Spring flowers for his sister in bed;

And your beauty, alas for the dower!
Seems sad in the still cold night;
You are more than a ball-room flower,
And angels are with you to-night.

Shine out to the morn, dear Love,
For the lamps and the stars wax pale;
Float out as on wings of a dove,
Fair Pity—Come torrent or gale,
There is more in the one sweet prize
Of a sister holpen and well,
Than in all the fire of your lover's eyes,
Or the fame of a city belle.

"I, JOHN PARSONS."

I JOHN PARSONS, ferryman, B—— River, Little Barton, Yorkshire, haven't lived fifty-eight years in the world without making up my mind to something. And what I've come to is this: for a merry, easy, careless life, try a ferry. In fine weather, sir, it's unexceptionally jolly; when it's wet, with a thick coat and a little tobacco, so long as the damp doesn't make for your joints, you can easily keep up your spirits. As for seeing the world comfortably from where you stand, why, sir, there's nothing like it. I take them over slowly and not too many at a time, so that I can put my finger on each one when I see them again, and know "that's you." It's astonishing the number of faces I've seen between the two banks of the river. When I think of it, I shut my eyes and say to myself, "Multiply it by ten, by a hundred, by thousands, by millions, and there you've the size of the world as neatly set before you as possible, John Parsons." I tell you, sir, when the thought comes across me after a market day, it's almost too much for my mind.

Of an evening I generally have the river to myself. We keep as still as possible, partly because I get drowsy, and partly because I don't like to remind the creatures unpleasantly that I'm the only man there. The birds often hop down on the seat beside me, but I never move or make a remark; and I've no doubt they take it kindly on their part, poor things. On moonlight nights the river, with its white water-lilies, is a perfect show. I make bold to say there isn't a sight to equal it in all England, nor on any of the continents—no, nor at the Exhibition. I even forgot my pipe, and find myself upright in the boat at dawn. If you doubt my word, sir, come to Little Barton, Yorkshire, ask for John Parsons, and you shall have the ferry for one night, along with the profits, and try for yourself.

That chimney you see through the trees belongs to Mrs. Beresford's room at the Hall. It hasn't smoked since she died. Mr. Beresford forbade it. I don't see much of the Hall, except when it goes once a fortnight to market at Barton Common, three-quarters of a mile straight through the wood, and then turn to your left. The Rectory crosses much oftener. Stand just where you are and put your head to one side, and you'll observe a red-tiled house—that's it.

Little Miss Eleanor used to run down from the Hall with her dolls, and beg me to lift her into the boat and tell her a story. I had only two stories I could tell: one was "Tom the Tavern-keeper and his Daughter Jane," and the other "Margery the Tramp." She liked the first best, and whenever I came to "So little Jane straightway put the shilling in her pocket and ran away home," she clapped her hands, and begged to hear it over again. But one day, just as I was going to begin, "John Parsons," said she, drawing herself up, "nurse says you're a vulgar man and tell vulgar stories, and I'm not to listen to them again. They aren't fit for a little lady like me."

On Sundays Miss Eleanor came down without her

dolls. I used to tuck her white frock round her that she might not soil it, and give her my coat to sit upon. She was always full of news: what sash she wore at church, and how Master Hugh made faces at her. Then she would grow suddenly serious. "Shall I tell you about the book I've been reading, John Parsons," she said. "It's a Sunday book."

And she bent forward with her chin on her hand, and looked gravely at me. I remember what she said, word for word.

"There's a river, John Parsons," she began, "like this river, only it's called the River of Death. And there on that bank"—she pointed to it with her little hand—"there's a valley so dark, that it's called the Valley of the Shadow of Death. But," she added, solemnly, shaking her head, "there's no ferry to take you across—no ferryman like John Parsons to row you over to the other side."

By degrees Miss Eleanor came less frequently. I missed her dreadfully, and looked out for her dress through the trees.

"Mrs. Parker," said I, one day, to the lady's maid—she was a hard woman to speak to—"is your young lady ill, that she never comes down to the ferry?"

"John Parsons," answered she, sharply, you're a fool. Do you think it likely that Miss Eleanor will be allowed to talk to the ferryman? What manners and education would she gain by it, do you suppose? You forget the difference of station."

"So, ma'am," said I, "I mustn't hope to see Miss Eleanor again?"

"Why," answered she, "I don't say she won't run down on holiday to shake hands with you. But it was only yesterday her papa punished her for crying about it, and was very angry with me for allowing her to come so often."

"John Parsons," said I, to myself, as soon as Mrs. Parker's long skirt had disappeared, "you are a fool, and there's no doubt of it. It wasn't your place to love little Miss Eleanor. You did forget the difference of station."

I tried my best not to watch for her; but for all that I felt I had lost her, and it was a great loss to me. Every now and then I heard of her through the servants. She had a new governess, and was looking rather pale; Master Hugh from the Rectory rode with her; she was going to school. The next news was, she was gone. The difference of station was a hard thing to bear, for she never came down to bid me good-bye.

Three months after I was smoking my pipe with Jim Slaughters, when I heard her merry laugh, and there she stood on the bank. She had grown a little, and her frock was longer; but her blue eyes were just the same, and her voice as sweet.

"I couldn't help running to see you, John Parsons," she said; but I musn't stay. Hadn't we pleasant days together? Little Jane will always come into my head when I'm doing my sums. Good-bye, dear John Parsons."

"Good-bye, Miss Eleanor," said I, and she was gone. Presently her face peeped out from among the bushes. "When I'm grown up," she said, raising her voice, "and may do just as I please, nobody shall prevent me from coming down to the ferry!"

Her words made me happy for days, and weeks, and months. I went over them and over them. After that she and Mr. Beresford left for foreign parts, and the Hall was shut up. It was years before they returned. I was told I would not recognize Miss Eleanor, she had grown into such a beautiful young lady. It set me puzzling what the difference could be that would prevent me knowing her.

On one hot afternoon, when the flies were dreadful, down comes Master Hugh, and signed to me to take him over. He looked paler than usual, and leaned his elbow on his knee, and his head on his hand, and kept his eyes fixed on the ground. Suddenly he caught sight of the rose in his buttonhole, and seizing it he tore it to pieces, and threw it into the water. When we reached the other side, he sprang out of the boat without a "Good morning, John Parsons;" so I saw there was something wrong. As I watched him through the trees I was startled by Miss Eleanor's voice.

"Take me across, quick, John Parsons—quick!"

There she stood, but not the same Miss Eleanor—some one quite different. When I looked into her eyes I could not understand them. She had got beyond my reach. I could scarcely get her to keep still a moment in the boat.

"Do you see him, John Parsons?" she asked, eagerly. "Is it long since he passed?"

"Not ten minutes, miss," said I.

I lifted her out, and she ran as fast as she could along the path, catching her dress in the bushes. I think I heard her call, as I sat in my boat.

"God help you, Miss Eleanor," said I, "for I can't," and I thought it would be no impertinence to ask Him to interfere. It was not twenty minutes before she returned, looking pale and sad. When she reached the water's edge she sank down in the long grass, and, in spite of the difference of station, burst out with: "O John Parsons! I've sent him away, and I shall never, never, never see him again!"

I was all in a tremble.

"And why, Miss Eleanor?" I asked.

"Don't ask me why," said she, quickly. "I daren't ask myself why. It's just that which makes it undurable."

She was silent, and I was silent also, watching her crouching on the ground. It was dreadful to see her unhappy. Her face was pitifully white when she raised it.

"Please, John Parsons," she said, slowly, "take me back."

So I lifted her carefully, as I used to do, into the boat; folded her white dress round her, as I used to do, not to soil it, and placed my coat on the seat. All the time I was wishing I could not only take her

back to the Hall, but back through the years to the happy days that were gone. As I helped her out of the boat, "Do you think, miss," said I, "you're able to get home alone?"

"If I can't," answered she, wearily, "I must learn; for I'll always be alone now, John Parsons."

The same evening, Mrs. Parker came down all in flurry.

"It's the last time I'll do it," she said, "for it's as much as my place is worth; but Miss Eleanor begged and prayed so hard, that I really couldn't refuse her. Do you see this, John Parsons?" And she handed me a note. "If you want Miss Eleanor to have a wink of sleep to-night, go quickly to Barton Common and give it to Master Hugh. He'll be at the 'Eagle' or 'Golden Heart.' He leaves to-morrow morning, so it must be delivered to-night. How soon can you start?"

I whistled before I answered her.

"You see that man behind the palings, ma'am?" said I. "That's Jim. When he comes within earshot, I'm off."

"You needn't bring the answer to the Hall," continued Mrs. Parker, with a wink. "I'll tell Miss Eleanor it's all right."

I started, leaving Jim in the boat, and in half an hour reached Barton Common. The "Golden Heart" was an old place, surrounded by green.

"Mr. Hugh Charters," I was told, "first floor, turn to the left, No. 28."

When I knocked at the door I scarcely recognized his voice. He was leaning against the mantel-piece, with his back to me, and he did not turn round. I waited quietly. Presently he seemed to feel there was some one besides himself in the room.

"Why, John Parsons?" exclaimed he, surprised, "what do you want with me?"

I came forward, and handed him the note.

"From the Hall, sir," said I.

He stepped to the window with it, for the room was very dark, and held it close up to his eyes. Suddenly his face changed, and turning quickly he threw the letter at my feet, unopened.

"Take it back!" he said, angrily. "I will not receive it."

I was too astonished to do anything but stare. Master Hugh was generally so gentle.

"Do you hear me?" he thundered.

I stooped to pick it up.

"And Miss Eleanor," faltered I, "if she asks—"

He crossed the room, and stood erect before me. The lamp in the passage lighted his face, and his eyes flashed.

"Tell her," he said, slowly, "that I receive no such notes."

So saying, he thrust me out of the room, and slammed the door behind me. I went down the stairs, along the common, through the wood, all in a maze. When I reached the ferry, I peered into the dark trees to see if Miss Eleanor was there. For the first time in my life I wished I might not catch a glimpse of her dress; for the first time I heartily

hoped she would not come. The letter lay in my pocket like a dead weight.

All the next day I was in fear of her, but she never appeared. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday passed, and I did not see her. At length I heard she was ill, and had not left her bed since Saturday; that Mr. Beresford was in a great way, and had sent to Hartley for a doctor. The same evening I was startled by a message that I was wanted at the Hall, and must go up immediately. It was the first time in my life I had ever been wanted there.

I went at once, without even changing my coat. At the foot of the stairs Mr. Beresford met me. He looked quite kindly at me.

"Take off your boots, John Parsons," he said, "and go very quietly up to Miss Beresford's room. She wants to speak to you."

I did not at first know who he meant by Miss Beresford. My gray worsted stockings looked very shabby as my feet sank in the soft carpeted steps. On the first landing there was a room full of flowers. All round I saw pillars, and pictures, and glass, so unlike my ferry. Everything reminded me of the awful difference of station. Mrs. Parker was quite right when she said I was not fit company for Miss Eleanor—Miss Beresford, I mean. But when I went into her room I forgot everything, looking at her face. She put out her hand to me at once.

"O John Parsons," she said, "I'm so glad it's you! I've been longing to see you. Did you give him the letter?"

"Yes, miss," I answered; and I could not help being afraid lest it should straightway start out of my pocket and show itself.

"Tell me," said Miss Eleanor, bending eagerly forward, and fixing her great eyes upon me, "what did he say? When he took it, what did he say?"

"Good Lord of Heaven!" said I to myself, "how's a man to keep from telling a lie, when he won't tell the truth?"

"Tell me," continued Miss Eleanor, in the same tone, "when he read it, what did he say? You saw his face. Did he kiss it? Didn't he once whisper, 'Poor Eleanor'?"

"Gracious Lord of Heaven!" repeated I to myself, "how's a man to keep from telling a lie, when he can't tell the truth?"

Her eyes seemed to look me through and through. I was afraid of them.

"Why don't you speak, John Parsons?" asked she at last.

"Miss Eleanor," said I, put to it, "the room was very dark, for attendance isn't good at the 'Golden Heart.' It would have needed cat's eyes to have made out the biggest print; but I placed the letter into Master Hugh's hands, I can say that."

Miss Eleanor fell back on the pillow, with a dreadfully disappointed face.

"Then, John Parsons," she whispered, "you mean you've nothing to tell me—no news to give me—no comfort—not a word?"

The big tears that trembled in her eyes rolled

over, one by one. As I watched them running slowly down her cheeks, it needed all the courage I possessed in me to say "No." And I don't believe, John Parsons, were you at any time in like circumstances, however much put to it, you *could* have said "No" again.

She turned her head to the wall, and lay quite still. I heard a little sob. Then she stretched out her hand.

"Thank you, John Parsons," she said; "that'll do. You may go."

So I left the room, and passing down the grand staircase, forgot my shabby coat and gray worsted stockings. The difference of station did not strike me the same as when I went up. The letter in my pocket thumped against my heart like a crime. Some way or other I was determined to get rid of it.

I heard from the butler that Master Hugh had gone, and was not expected home for months. When I asked where, he said, "To the Pyramids." But that did not help me much.

It was a bold thing to do—I resolved to write to him and send him Miss Eleanor's letter. I couldn't have slept with it in the house. I was not sure that the post would take my letter at all, still less sure that Master Hugh would read it. I had not held a pen in my hand since I covered the page of a copy-book with "Perseverance" at Barton school, so I found it did not come natural to me to write. The pen wanted to go one way, and I another, and the ink seemed to quarrel with us both. Neither did the spelling come anyway natural. When I had put down the words, they didn't look at all what I meant. After five copies—and it was very hot work—I got one pretty tolerable. It was this:

"Mister Hugh. i John Parsons Ferryman Barton and yours Umbly, ope you'll receive this without displeasure. i couldn't Face Miss Elenor agen with it in my poket, I couldn't say what you saide to me. No, sir not with Them eyes. Please, don't send It back to me. Miss Eleanor asks alwaist for you. Exqeuse the libertie Agen Umbly yours, I John Parsons."

I took it to the post-office myself. The Directory, I knew, was the place to look for addresses; but that, along with the Pyramids, was beyond me. So I just wrote "Mister Hugh Charters," and handed it over to the postmaster, who was a friend, I having ferried him across since he wore buttons.

For months I heard nothing, and could only trust in the two post-offices at Barton and at the Pyramids. Miss Eleanor recovered slowly, and went for a change of air to an aunt in Scotland. Before she left, she sent be a woollen comforter and a note. In it she said she had made it herself, to keep my throat warm in cold weather. Fancy her thinking of my throat! me, a ferrymen! I always wore it—mild and chilly, dry and damp days. When I tied it round my neck of a morning, I thought of her; and when I undid it

at night, again I thought of her; and very generally through the day I thought of her. The months creep on at a ferry about as fast as they do elsewhere, and at last Master Hugh came home. I saw him several times, but he did not mention the letter, nor did I; for I was rather uneasy about the three-syllabled words. He seemed to have forgotten Miss Eleanor altogether, for he never spoke of her.

One day I found his book in the damp grass, where he had left it all night. It belonged to the Hall, for there was an "E. B." on the first page. Beside it lay a small glove. I picked it up: it was Miss Eleanor's. I showed them both to Master Hugh, when he came down later in the day.

"Sir," said I, "Mr. Beresford is to be back on Thursday. Shall I take them up to the Hall to-day, and give them to the butler?"

"No," said he quickly, and I thought his tone strange. "Leave them with me. I will take charge of them."

About a week afterwards, I was dozing in the boat, with my coat over my head, being well-nigh driven crazy with the flies, and Master Hugh stretched under the elm-tree reading, when I heard him start suddenly to his feet. I looked up. There stood Miss Eleanor on the opposite bank, with her hat full of flowers. She looked straight across at him, and then grew very red. The river was not so wide that they could not hear each other speak across it.

"It's a long time," said she, "since I have seen you, Mr. Charters."

"A long time, Miss Beresford," said he.

I stared from one to the other. Bless me! Was it possible? They had forgot each other's names.

"So long," said she presently, playing nervously with the flowers—"so long, that I can scarcely believe there is only the river between us."

"If it is so," returned he, "the river has widened strangely since we last met. Certain words, like certain June days, are difficult to be forgotten."

Miss Eleanor's face flushed, and she turned quickly away.

"And," she added, in a low voice, "difficult to be forgiven." Then, after a few moments' silence, she asked: "But are they too difficult to be forgiven?"

Master Hugh had torn the leaf he held in his hand in small pieces, and tossed the last fragment into the stream. His eyes were down. Miss Eleanor half turned.

"Do you say," repeated she, slowly, "they are too difficult to be forgiven?"

"I wish," answered Master Hugh, raising his voice, "I wish it was half as easy to forget as to forgive, Miss Beresford; the word is utterly inappropriate."

I could stand it no longer. "Bless my soul!" said I to myself, "what's got into them? I didn't believe it possible. They've forgotten each other's names!"

"Why," cried I, all of a sudden, interfering in a shockingly bold manner, "why—Master Hugh! and Miss Eleanor!"

She turned at the words, and gave him such a look!—like a prayer. Even her hands seemed to pray. Master Hugh stepped forward to the edge of the water.

"Take me across—quick, John Parsons—quick!" said he all at once.

"No," said Miss Eleanor, in a low voice. "Take me, John Parsons—me first."

"Your pardon, Master Hugh," said I, making for the bank, "but you know, sir, ladies come first, and Miss Eleanor first of all."

When we reached the other side, he took both her hands. I was glad to see I hadn't reminded them for nothing.

"O Eleanor," said he, earnestly, "is it really you And not even the river between us?"

"No, Hugh," whispered she. "Not even the river between us."

"Bless my soul!" said I again to myself, for I could not see the drift of it. But they seemed to understand each other very well, and did not look at all puzzled, as I was. Judging by eyes—and there's nothing like eyes to judge from—it was all right; more right, indeed, than it had been for months. Miss Eleanor's did sparkle so.

"God bless 'em!" said I, as I sat in my boat and watched them go into the wood together. "And again, God bless 'em!"

Then I took to thinking, with my pipe and the flies; but whenever I got into the middle of a good thought, began dozing and forgot the end. It was a long time before they returned.

"All right," said I to myself, "judging by eyes. Perfectly right—couldn't be righter." And I gave a low whistle, for by that time I had come to the end of the matter.

"Wish us joy!" said Miss Eleanor, merrily. "John Parsons, you must wish me joy!"

"Always did, Miss Eleanor," I answered. "Can't recollect the time that I didn't."

"But," answered she, laughing, "you must wish me more joy now—much more!"

I stopped to take the pipe out of my mouth, and shook my head.

"Couldn't, Miss Eleanor," said I. "That would be impossible."

"Then," said Master Hugh, "what do you say to me? Can't you spare me any good wishes?"

"Sir," said I, "I don't see what use they would be, seeing that you've got the very best that's to be had by wishing."

"And thanks to you, John Parsons!" said they both—"all thanks to you! Without you, the river would always have been between us."

Just to think of that! Bless my soul, sir! that night I don't believe you could have found a happier man in all England than I, John Parsons, ferrymen.

IT is only imperfection that complains of what is imperfect. The more perfect we are, the more gentle and quiet we become toward the defects of others.

**WHAT SHALL I DO
TO BE SAVED FROM THE CURSE OF DRINK?**

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

HE came in so noiselessly that I heard neither the opening nor shutting of the door, and only became aware of his presence when I felt his hand on my shoulder.

Shall I ever forget the face into which I looked? A face so marred since I had seen it last; so pale, so exhausted, so helpless and despairing, that I was not only shocked by the sight but filled with inexpressible pain. The hand which he had laid upon me was trembling violently.

"Why Granger!" I exclaimed, as I started to my feet. "What does this mean?"

I saw the muscles of his face quiver and spasms run about his lips as he made an effort to reply.

"It can't be possible that you—"

I held back, from an instinct of delicacy, the words that were coming to my lips.

"Have fallen so low?" he said, in a husky, shaking voice, finishing the sentence which I had left incomplete. Then, with a steadier utterance: "But it is all too sadly true, Mr. Lyon. The devil of drink has seized me, and I cannot get free from the grip of his terrible hand!"

"Don't say that, my friend. You must resist this devil and, like all other devils when met by resistance, he will flee from you."

A short, bitter laugh, and then: "He isn't one of that kind."

"But, surely, Granger, you will not give up your manhood to the vice of an appetite?"

"Vice? That's a little, easy sort of a word, and doesn't seem to mean much, does it?"

He was sitting, now, and I standing just in front of the chair he had taken. As I looked at him steadily, I saw more distinctly than at first the ravages which intemperance had made upon his finely-cut, and once handsome features. I had not met him before for many months.

"To the demands of an appetite? Let me make the proposition stronger," said I.

"Vice, demand, curse; anything you choose. It's all the same."

"But the will-power is above them all—can break the bonds of appetite, and let the man go free."

I saw a change begin passing over his face.

"Free! What would I not give to be free!"

"Resolve; and it is done! In a man's will lies his strength. Neither heaven nor hell can move him if he will not. Set your will against this appetite, and will shall be master."

He looked at me with a gathering wonder in his eyes, as though a new thought were dawning upon his mind. His mouth became a little firmer; and

he raised his almost crouching form to an erecter attitude.

"If he will not—will not."

"Just so, my friend. If he will not, all hell cannot move him. Self-mastery! Every man has this power. I have it; you have it. It is the common inheritance of all men."

"An inheritance sold, alas! too often for a mess of potage," Granger answered, bitterly. "And when once sold, has it not gone hopelessly out of our possession?"

"No. Freedom to will is a birthright which no man living can wholly alienate. He may at any time re-assert his right of inheritance. You can do it now—can set your heel on this serpent of appetite, and crush it beneath your tread. Be a man, Granger! Let the higher things that are in you hold the lower things in subjection. Let reason and judgment rule the appetites and passions, as a master rules his servants. This is the common order of life. God has given us reason as a ruler; and we must see that no usurper gain a foothold in our kingdom."

As I spoke I saw the signs of strength and confidence coming into Granger's eyes.

"It is because you have let the sensual betray and dethrone the rational that you are in so sad a plight to-day. Will has gone over to the wrong side."

"It shall come to the right side again, Mr. Lyon!" His voice had a clearer ring. "I see just how it is. Will went over to appetite instead of standing firm by the side of reason."

"Yes; you state the case exactly as it stands," I said. "It was an abuse of freedom, so to speak. You were not compelled to drink; for appetite has no power above solicitation. It cannot move your hand, nor place a glass to your lips. Only the will has power over the actions, and so nothing can be done without consent of the will."

"I see! I see!" More light and strength coming into his face. "It all lies with myself."

"All," I answered. "There is no help for you outside of your own will. You stand self-centered, or equipoised, with freedom to act in the direction of any force that draws you, be it good or evil."

"Thank you for all this. I see wherein my peril lies, and also the line of a new defence. I will control this dreadful appetite! I will be a man."

"But, remember," I said, "that eternal vigilance is the price of safety. Appetite is subtle, as well as strong. It is an enemy that never really sleeps."

"I know, I know! But is not safety worth eternal vigilance?"

There was in his countenance the glow of a rising confidence.

"Ah, my friend," he added, as he took my hand and held it tightly, "what would I not do or suffer to be free from this awful slavery; from this bondage to death and hell!"

"And the way is so plain and so easy," said I, with all the encouragement I was able to throw into my voice. "Just to will to be free; and then to stand up as a man. To say to appetite, 'So far and no farther'!"

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by T. S. ARTHUR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"It was my good angel who led me here; and who put these hopeful words into your mouth, my dear old friend?" He spoke with much feeling. "I haven't been home since yesterday. I was in no condition to meet my family last night; and am in little better condition this morning. You see, I've not lost all shame and all consideration."

"You will go home now?"

"Yes."

I saw a shadow drifting over his face.

"Where are you living?"

"Away up town; but not as we used to live."

"Shall I go with you?"

He did not reply at once; but the shadows were deeper on his face.

"If you will." There was a returning depression in his voice; and I saw that his nerves, which had grown steady under the pressure of new thoughts and purposes, were giving way again. He drew a hand across his forehead. It was trembling.

"You remember Helen?" he said.

"Oh, yes. How is she?"

There was something like a gasp, or quick catching of the breath. Then, with an effort to control his feelings: "Not as when you saw her last. Ah, sir! What a cruel devil this drink is!"

"Cruel as death," I responded, falling in with his thoughts.

"As death? Oh, no! Death is an angel of mercy; but drink is a devil! My poor Helen!"

What grief and tenderness were in his voice as he uttered the name of his wife.

"For her sake, Granger."

"For her sake!" He spoke with a sudden intense earnestness, while a strong light flashed into his eyes. "If I were to see a wild beast rushing down upon her, do you think I would pause to question about consequences to myself? Not for a single instant! What would I not do, and bear, and suffer for her sake! Ah, sir! she has been a good wife to me. So patient, so true, so tender always. And I have tried so hard, and fought so hard, for her sake."

"And now let the new life you are going to lead find its highest strength in these three words—For her sake. Let the steady will and the better manhood be for her sake. Hold the brief sentence ever against your heart; set it ever before your eyes. For her sake, my friend!"

"Yes, for her sake, God bless her!" His voice shook, and I saw tears coming into his eyes.

"What higher strength than this. Surely you will stand as a rock against which the maddest billows of temptation must break and dissolve into foam and spray."

"For her sake I will stand! For her sake, and for the sake of my wronged and humiliated children. What a wretch I have been! To fill the lives of those I love with shame and sorrow; and for what? Just to gratify an appetite!"

"Which, if you will to deny, must always stand denied. Keep ever in your thought the true order

of life, which is the subjection of the sensual to the rational. If the sensual is suffered to rule, then will anarchy and violence reign in the kingdom; but if reason keeps her seat of power, order, and peace, and happiness will prevail; and the sensual will be as a staff in the hand of Aaron, and not as a biting serpent on the ground."

"Ah, yes! It is growing clearer and clearer. All danger lies in this infirmity of the will, in this hearkening to the lying voice of a serpent, instead of to our God-given reason."

Granger was lifting himself with a more assured air, and there was a growing strength in his face.

"I must go home now," he said, rising.

"And I am to go with you?"

Did I betray a doubt in my voice? Perhaps; for away back and almost out of sight in my mind lay a doubt of the new-born strength of this man's will. It might endure until he reached his home, or it might yield to enticement by the way. He had not yet recovered his manhood. Was still weak, and must walk for a time with unsteady steps. All this I felt rather than thought.

He set his eyes on me with a keen look just for an instant before replying.

"If you care to see what a poor and wretched home it is."

"I care to give you what help and strength lies in my power." I took my hat as I spoke, and we went out together.

I had not seen Alexander Granger before for nearly a year. He was a lawyer of fine abilities, and in the first ten years of his practice at the bar had risen steadily into notice, and been connected, as counsel, with many important cases. But, unhappily, his social nature led him too often out of the ways of safety. It was the old, sad story which has been told so many and so many times. Just in the very prime of his life, the subtle power of drink began to bear him down. If he had taken alarm at the first warning he received of the establishment and growth of this power, and broken free from it in a single resolute effort, all would have been well. But here again it was the old story repeated. He had faith in his own manhood; in his ability to go just so far and no farther; to keep on the edge of danger and never step across. And he held to this, even in the face of one lapse after another, until he became the slave of appetite.

It took years for all this; for he had a strong, tough brain, and great physical energy; and his steadily increasing practice at the bar held him in earnest work, and for a long time out of the sphere of apparent danger. But no brain can do its best under the stimulant of alcohol. There must always come a loss of clearness. There may be an increased activity, but this very activity, where the reason is obscured and interests at the same time imperilled, leads too often to disaster. It happened so to Granger. In the very height of his popularity he lost a case of great importance. His clients did not know that on the previous night he had been over-free with

wine at a supper from which he did not get home until after the small hours began; and that before coming into court to make his final argument, he had been compelled to steady his nerves with a glass of brandy. No, they did not know this; but what they did know was, that he failed to bring out with logical clearness the strong point in their case, and the one on which they chiefly relied. Considered as a mere forensic display, it was one of the most brilliant ever heard in the court-room, and men listened to it breathlessly, admiring its fine periods, its exhibition of learning, and its wealth of imagery and illustration; but, while it extorted admiration, it failed in the chief essential of a legal argument, working no conviction on the minds of the twelve men with whom the decision of the case rested.

It was Granger's first great failure. Did no suspicion of the real cause intrude itself upon his thoughts? Yes; but it was thrust out as false and unworthy. His head was never clearer, nor his mind more active. So he declared to himself in his quick rejection of the very truth it so much concerned him to know. But the incident troubled him; and in the face of his effort to look away from the real cause of failure, and to count it as nothing, he made an almost involuntary resolution to abstain from any free use of stimulants for some days before arguing another important case; and for more than a year he acted upon this resolution.

But his wine at dinner, his exchange of drinking courtesies with friends, and his indulgence at suppers and social parties, gradually depraved his appetite, and it grew to be more and more exacting. For awhile only a single glass had been taken with his dinner. Then there was an occasional second glass, and in time two glasses became the regular custom. A third glass now and then marked the steady growth of appetite. So it went on, with slow but sure increase, until it was no unusual thing for Granger to drink half a bottle of wine every day with his dinner; and to finish the bottle before going to bed.

Fame and fortune were just within his reach. He was regarded as the ablest of all the rising men at the bar of his native city, and many of the best cases were coming into his hands, when the evidences of blight and failure of power became visible. After losing the case to which I have referred, he was on guard for a long time; but the steadily increasing use of stimulants wrought its natural result on his brain, and his second great failure in court was due in all probability as much to a complete abstinence from drink as the first was to its use and the unhealthy excitement that followed.

This loss of mental clearness in consequence of a loss of the usual brain-tonic, was a fact far more patent to Granger's mind than had been the other fact of loss of mental clearness through unusual stimulation, and he resolved not to risk another experiment of the kind, but rather to give his nerves a firmer tone by an extra glass on the eve of every specially important effort in court. It is surprising

how men who are clear-seeing as to cause and effect in almost everything else, can be so blind about the ultimate result of repeated and increasing stimulation on that wonderful and delicate organism, the brain. It shows how subtle, and strong, and self-deceiving is the sensual side of our nature, if, instead of holding it in strict subordination to reason and the laws of order, we give it the rein, and submit even partially to its rule.

After this second important failure, and Granger's clear apprehension of the proximate cause, he did not again venture on complete abstinence as a safe preparation for entrance upon a legal conflict in which large interests hung on victory or defeat. But for all this, he was never able to bring to his cases the clear logic and force of argument for which he had once been distinguished. He had, in fact, reached his highest point of success and reputation; and as the causes which had checked his upward movement were still in force, and his power of resistance waning, it was not long before the downward change became apparent to all.

And now, his nearest friends began to warn and to expostulate. But only after some disgraceful fall from sobriety, was heed taken, and efforts at reform made. It was the old story, as we have said. Falling, falling, slowly. Then a pause and a rallying of strength, and an effort to move upwards again. And then a yielding to the downward drift. He did not at this time show himself to the world as a common drunkard; and the people who met him on the street, at his office or in the court-rooms, rarely saw him so much under the influence of liquor as to betray the fact in any marked way; and yet, all could see that he was becoming the slave of drink, and that his utter ruin was only a matter of time, unless there should come a total change in his habits.

Down, down, the descent becoming more rapid. Sudden stoppages, as one strong influence after another was brought to bear upon him; solemn promises, and pledges of reform; firm standing for brief periods; and then, down, down again! And thus it went on for years; and there came loss of an honorable position at the bar; loss of practice; loss of social status; moral weakness and degradation; poverty and wretchedness. And still, there were intermittent struggles with the enemy, and efforts to rise into a true manhood. A sad, sad history, running through years of increasing disaster, humiliation and sorrow, until he had reached the level on which the reader finds him.

Yet, as has been seen, some hope and strength were yet remaining; some feeling of self-respect; and an unextinguished love for his unhappy wife and wronged and suffering children, for whom he would have braved any physical peril—even death itself.

CHAPTER II.

"I HAVE taken a dozen pledges," said Granger, as we passed into the street; "but they are as flax to fire when this thirst seizes upon me."

"Because," I answered, "they are only external

bonds; and if the inner force be against them, they will break should the force be stronger than the bond. There is safety only in the strength of an internal integrity. The will must be strong and true. If, to change the figure of speech, the will be set to guard the door, no enemy can make a breach unless he will be corrupted. So long as the will is true, the man is safe. No, no. Put no trust in pledges nor promises. They are things outside of you, so to speak. Mere bonds, weak or strong as the case may be. You must trust in yourself—in the strength of your will—in your manhood and self-centered power. Here is your only true abiding. The pledge may be well enough as a rallying point where a first stand is made against the enemy; but the man must fight it out to the bitter end, and that in himself and by himself. There is no other hope. No arm but his own can save him."

We walked in silence for almost the distance of a block before Granger made any reply. He was, evidently, pondering what I had said.

"No arm but his own arm?" He stopped, and turning, fixed his eyes steadily on my face, with a look in them that I scarcely comprehended.

"If a man fight not for himself, who shall fight for him? This enemy is within, and the man himself must cast him out. I cannot fight the battle for you; nor can any one else. It is your own strong right arm that must bring the victory."

"Is there no help in God?" There was an eager thrill in his voice as he put the question.

"Of course," I replied, a little coldly. "But we must be careful not to confound things. A false, or irrational trust, is worse than no trust at all, for it will surely betray. God helps those who help themselves; who use in right and orderly ways the strength He gives to every man. I know of no means by which to get help from God but in the right use of the faculties with which He has endowed us. They are, of course, God-given, for He is our Maker. But He does not live for us, nor work for us, nor fight for us. All these we must do for ourselves."

I saw the light go slowly out of his face as he dropped his eyes to the ground, and moved forward again. Something like a shadow and a chill came upon my own feelings; and my mind seemed to pass into an obscuring cloud. Had I spoken truly? Was there no other help in God but this that I had said? It was all very clear to me while I was speaking; but, somehow, my strong assurance was all at once broken, and I felt as one drifting to sea. I had been laying out this man's course for him, and now I was in doubt myself.

"You may be right about it, Mr. Lyon," Granger said, after another long silence. "But it seems to put God so far away. To take from Him all pity, and tenderness, and love. He will help me if I try to help myself; but unless I do this, He will not so much as reach out His hand, though the billows be going over me!"

Even above the noise of the street I heard the

sigh that came with the closing of this last sentence.

"Is not His hand always reached out?" I answered; "and is it not because we refuse to take hold of it that we are not saved?"

"I don't know." He spoke in a dreary, depressed tone of voice. "If one could see the hand, and be sure it was God's."

"What is the hand of God but the power that is within us from Him? The power to will and to do what is right; to stand fast in the front of temptation; to walk securely in the strength He gives us? We grasp His hand when we use this power."

"Doubtless it is so; but our poor eyes have become very dim-sighted."

He was silent again, and I began to feel troubled about his state of mind, lest a depressing sense of weakness should destroy that confidence in his own strength of will with which I was seeking to inspire him.

"We may be very sure of one thing, Mr. Granger," I said, repeating my former proposition. "The true order of life is the government of reason. This must rule over all the lower things of sense. The appetites and passions must be held in complete subjection. God is with us, and in us; gives us of His strength, and keeps us in safety, so long as we maintain this true order of life. If we will not maintain it, He cannot do it for us; and the same law must rule in restoration and cure as in normal order. We must take the strength God is always giving and use it for ourselves. We would be only machines if He merely lived in us as the mainspring of all our actions."

"No help, no love; only laws of order. No pitying face, nor tender voice, nor bending form. No quick, grasping hand as we send out the despairing cry, 'Save, Lord, or we perish!'"

"Don't let us talk any more about this, Mr. Granger," said I. "It is troubling you and confusing your mind; and now, above all things, you need to be calm and clear-seeing, for it is clear-seeing that makes safe-walking."

We were not far from his home now, and in a few minutes were at the door. What a poor little home it was as compared with that luxurious one in which I had many times been a guest in former years. Little better than that of a humble day-laborer. I felt a chill and a heart-ache as my eyes looked upon it, and I remembered the beautiful home in which Mrs. Granger had once presided. She was a woman of more than ordinary culture and refinement. In stature below the common height, with regular though not strikingly handsome features. Her eyes made the fine attraction of her face; they were large, and, in color, of a dark hazel, with a perpetual changing of aspect and a restlessness of movement that were very peculiar. But you saw, in all these changing hues and aspects, that they were true eyes, and beautiful as true.

Granger took a latch-key from his pocket as we paused at the door.

"Shall I go in?" I asked. "It might not be pleasant for Mrs. Granger."

He did not answer, but threw the door open, and made a motion for me to enter. There was a narrow hall, covered with a worn and faded carpet. From this we passed into a small parlor, in which were a few articles of furniture, remnants of better days. There were no pictures on the walls beyond a few photographic likenesses and two fine miniatures of Mr. and Mrs. Granger. Once they possessed many rare paintings. Plain Holland shades hung at the windows. Though everything was in order, there was a certain chill and desolateness in the atmosphere of the room that struck me sensibly. It might have come from the contrast I saw between this and the large and luxurious parlor in which I had last met this unhappy family.

But I had scarcely time to notice my surroundings, or to question my state of feeling, before quick feet were heard on the stairs, and in a moment afterwards Mrs. Granger stood at the parlor door with wide-open, eager, questioning eyes; now fixing them upon me, and now upon her husband.

"Mr. Lyon; you remember him."

I reached out my hand as her husband gave my name. A faint tinge of color rose to her pale face. Ah! how changed and wasted!

She did not repeat my name, and I was not certain that she recognized me. For a moment only did her eyes rest on me; then they went swiftly to her husband. I saw a throb in her throat, and a flush and thrill quickening on her face.

"There is going to be a new order of life, Mrs. Granger," said I, breaking the silence and pantomime. "And the old days are coming back again."

"A new life, Helen! Yes, a new life, God helping me! And the old, better days again."

I saw the lips which had been closely shut fall apart, and the large eyes grow larger. There was a statue-like stillness; then a faint, smothered cry, and a dropping down of the quivering face on Granger's breast. My eyes were dim with sudden tears, but I could see the husband's arms fold themselves closely about the small, light form of that true, patient, long-suffering one in whose heart love had never failed.

I would have gone out and left them so, but that might not be well; so I waited for this first strong tide of feeling to ebb.—They were still standing—Mrs. Granger's face hidden on her husband's breast, and his arms clasping her tightly—when the sound of other feet on the stairs was heard, and in a moment after a beautiful girl stood with startled eyes at the door of the little parlor.

"Oh, it's father!" she ejaculated. Then, on seeing me, she shrunk back a step or two, with a timid air, the blood rising to her temples.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked, in a panting voice, as a scared expression came into her face.

"Yes, something good," I answered, quickly.

On hearing this, Granger withdrew one of his

arms from about his wife, and holding it out toward the girl said: "My daughter!"

Gliding past me with a rapid motion, she threw herself within the extended arm, and mother and child lay held in a single strong embrace.

So I left them, passing out with noiseless feet. For stranger eyes all this was too sacred; and I felt that it was best for them to be alone.

Next day I called at Mr. Granger's office, and found him at his desk busy over some law papers. Things about him had a look of new-made order, as if there had been a recent general setting to rights; and something in his personal appearance gave the same impression. There was a bright flash in his eyes as he lifted them in recognition; and I saw a marvellous change in his face; and, indeed, in his whole aspect.

"All right," I said, cheerily, as I grasped his extended hand.

"All right, thank God!"

"And right once for all," said I, in a confident tone.

"Yes; once for all. Somehow," he added, "I feel stronger than I have ever felt before; more self-centered, and with a firmer grasp on the rein. The fact is, Lyon, you gave me a new thought yesterday, and I've been looking at it and holding fast to it ever since; and the more I look at it, and the longer I keep hold of it, the more assured do I feel. I see, as I never saw before, where the danger lies. It is the weak will that betrays."

"Always," I made answer. "If the will be true and strong, the man is safe. Appetite can do nothing if the will be firm in denial. Never forget this. In the hour of temptation, it is the 'I will,' or the 'I will not,' that determines everything. There is not a devil in hell subtle enough to betray a man if he meet him with the all powerful 'I will not!'"

"I believe you, my friend."

There was, I did not fail to notice, more confidence in Granger's words than in his voice; and this gave me a slight feeling of uneasiness.

"Hold on, as with hooks of steel, to your faith in yourself—in the strength of your God-given manhood. If the tempter comes, say 'No!' as you will always be able to say. It is the weak, the doubting, the half-hearted who fall."

As we talked, a gentleman named Stannard came in. On seeing the change in Granger's appearance, he said: "Been turning over another new leaf, I see. Glad of it from my heart. And now, friend Granger, what is to be the first writing thereon?"

"I will not," was the firmly spoken answer.

"Good as far as it goes."

"What more?" asked Granger.

"God being my helper."

"Is not God's strength in every true 'I will' or 'I will not?'" said I, speaking before Granger had time to answer, for I was afraid of some confusion being wrought in his mind.

"There is no good thing that does not come from

God," was the calmly-spoken answer. "In Him we live, and move, and have our being."

"No reflecting man will deny that. But the grave and practical question is, how does God bestow His good things? What are the laws of order by which He acts with men?"

"Love is His great law," said Mr. Stannard.

"We all believe that; but love works through orderly means. If a man wilfully close his eyes, God cannot make him see. If he shut himself away in a dungeon, God cannot give him light. If he 'will not,' God cannot save him, though all day He stretches forth His merciful hand."

"No one will question that, I presume," was answered. "But now we have the other proposition under consideration. It is the 'I will not' of our friend here as set against temptation. Now, under what law is he to get God's help?"

"It will come to him in his effort to do right."

"Ask and it shall be given unto you. Seek and ye shall find. Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. Come unto me. These are the Lord's own words; and do they not mean that we are to do something more than what your answer indicates. Will all the help needed come without the asking?"

"As if," I said, with a slight tremor of feeling in my voice, "as if God held back for man's formal asking? As if His infinite love were not forever yearning to save? and forever flowing with divine strength into every effort to fight against evil. It is in man's will where he is truly potential; and he must set his will against allurement, and stand in the strength of his true manhood."

"But suppose the will has become so sickly and depraved that it cannot receive a just measure of life and strength from God? When an organ in the human body is diseased it is no longer able to do its proper work, though the heart be perpetually sending for its use a due portion of healthy blood. If the will were in order, we might trust to the will; but, alas! it is not. It is diseased; and without help from the Great Physician, will fail in the work of its office. Nay, nay, friend Granger; put no faith in your 'I will not,' unless you write also on the leaf of the new page you have turned, 'God being my helper.' If this be not done all your good purposes will avail I fear, but little."

"Anything to give our friend strength," I replied. "It will do no harm for him to write as you say only let him not lose faith in himself because of his trust in God. It is just here that the danger lies. It is the clear-seeing, as I have said to him, that makes the safe-walking. If we do not know the way, we are all the while in danger of stumbling."

"I am the way, and the truth, and the life," said Mr. Stannard. "If we go to Him, shall we be in any danger of losing our way? I think not."

As we talked, Granger looked first at one of us and then at the other, hearkening carefully to what we said, and evidently weighing the import of our words. That all was not clear to him, was evident from his manner. I dropped the argument, in fear that

his mind might get confused, and that, while in this unsettled state, his old enemy might rush in upon him and bear him down ere he had time to arrange his order of defence.

Mr. Stannard had called on a matter of business, and on becoming aware of this, I withdrew from the office and left him alone with Granger. I carried away with me an uneasy feeling. Mr. Stannard was a man for whom I had great respect. He was a prominent church-member, and active in Christian work; and so far as my knowledge of him went, his life among men was blameless. But my philosophy of religion differed in some essential points from his. We both held to the necessity of a pure life; but were not in agreement as to the means whereby this purity of life was to be attained. He held to the power of grace, through faith, as the only means whereby man could be saved—at least so I had understood him—I to man's innate force of will, into which strength would flow from God the instant his will moved in a right effort. My fear now was, that Mr. Stannard might undo the work I had attempted, and destroy Granger's faith in himself, leaving him to a blind confidence in some outside help which might never come. This was the ground of my uneasiness.

I did not see Granger again for several days; and then our meeting was in a public thoroughfare, and for a few moments only. His face was clear and bright, and his air manly and assured.

"All right!" I said, as I took his hand.

"All right," he responded, giving me a strong returning grip.

"Standing fast by 'I will not,'"

"Standing fast," was his answer, a slight change in the expression of his countenance.

It was on my lips to say: "Don't forget that the will is the man; and that all hell cannot move him if the will stand fast." But I held the sentence back from an impulse I did not quite understand. So we parted, each going his way.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. GRANGER was in church this morning," M said my wife, on coming home, a few Sundays afterward.

"Ah? How did she look?"

"The sight of her brought tears to my eyes. How much she has changed. And she looked so poor and humbled."

"Was any one with her?"

I did not put the question that was in my thought; but the one I asked would bring, I doubted not, the answer I wished to hear.

"Yes; a sweet young girl—her oldest daughter, Amy, I presume. The beautiful child has grown almost to a woman since I saw her last."

"No one else?"

"No."

Though I had not been to church myself, and had not much faith in Sunday religious services, judging

of them by their influence on a majority of my church-going acquaintances, I could not help feeling regret at the fact of Mr. Granger's absence. Somehow, the impression took hold of me that it would have been better and safer for him to have gone to church; and the fact that he had not accompanied his wife left on my mind a vague sense of uneasiness. Where had he gone; and what were the influences which had been around him on this day of freedom from daily work and the thought and care of business?

"Mr. Granger was not there," said I, wishing to be altogether sure about the matter.

"No." Then, after a little silence, Mrs. Lyon said, "I was sorry not to have seen him with his wife."

It was on my tongue to express the regret I was myself feeling, but as my wife and I were not wholly in agreement on the subject of church-going, I did not care to commit myself so far as to give an assent to her view of the case; and as I did not respond, the subject was dropped.

After dinner I took a walk, and as I could not get Granger out of my mind, nor rid myself of a certain feeling of responsibility in regard to him, I concluded to extend my ramble as far as the neighborhood in which he lived and make him a call. My ring brought his wife to the door.

"Is Mr. Granger at home?" I asked.

I saw a slight shade drop across her face as she answered: "No; he has gone to take a walk in the Park." Then, after a moment, "Won't you come in, Mr. Lyon?"

I accepted the invitation. As I took a seat in the plain little parlor, and looked at Mrs. Granger, I was painfully impressed with the changes a few years had wrought in her appearance. Such lines of suffering as had been cut into her brow and around her lips! Such wasting and exhaustion! It was very sad.

"I met your husband a few days ago," said I, speaking at once, so that there might be no embarrassing pause, "and was glad to see him looking so well."

She smiled faintly; but not with the bright, almost radiant smile I was hoping to see.

"Yes; he is doing very well." Her voice lacked heartiness, I fancied.

"And is going to stand this time," said I, speaking confidently.

"God grant it!" A reverent earnestness coming into her manner.

"He has found a new element of strength."

She met my remark with a look of inquiry, keen and searching.

"A true faith in himself—in his manhood—in the native force of his own strong will."

"There is no sure help but in God, Mr. Lyon."

I seem to hear now her slow utterance of this sentiment, and the strong emphasis given to the words, "*No sure help but in God.*"

"God is in every manly effort to do right," I answered. "He gives strength to the will that sets itself against evil enticement. We trust in Him when we trust in the power He gives us."

"What my husband says; and it may all be so in some way that I do not clearly understand."

I made an effort to explain myself more clearly; but, when I was done, she answered with simple earnestness: "It is better to look to God than to ourselves, Mr. Lyon. I am sure of that. Every hour, every moment even, we need His help and care, for the enemies who are against us are very malignant, very subtle, and very strong. I should have a safer feeling about my husband if he had a little less confidence in the strength of his own will, and more in that Divine power which I believe can only be had for the asking."

"As if God would stand away, coldly indifferent, and let a striving soul perish because there was no formal asking. Such a thought, in my view, dishonors Him. Would a father wait for his child to call for help if he saw him drowning?"

"No; and I do not think that God ever holds back from saving in the sense you seem to mean, Mr. Lyon. If a father were reaching after his drowning child, and calling to him, 'Give me your hand, my son!' and his child were to refuse the offered help, and trust to his own strength, how could the father save him?"

She waited for my reply, looking at me steadily. What answer could I make? Her question seemed to open a window in my soul and let in beams of light; but they were not yet strong enough to make her full meaning clear.

"Well, what more?" I queried.

"Our Heavenly Father is all the while reaching out to save His perishing children, and His voice, tender with compassion, and earnest with love, is forever crying, 'Son, give me thy heart.' And if the heart be not given, how can the soul be saved?"

Mrs. Granger's further question almost startled me. It gave a deeper significance to "being saved" than I had as yet comprehended.

She went on: "They that dwell in God dwell in safety. Of that we may be sure. Can this be said, confidently, of any others? Ah, sir! where so much is at stake it will not do to risk anything in doubtful trusts. A man's will may be very strong; but if the Spirit of God be within him, he will be far stronger—nay, invincible in the face of legions of enemies. God is as a walled city about his people, and as a rock of defence. He is a sure refuge in the day of trouble."

Her face had kindled, and there was something in the earnestness of her manner, and in the assured tones with which she spoke, that seemed to bear me away and set me adrift. I had nothing to say in opposition. What could I say? There was truth in every word she had uttered; and if I had questioned or caviled in anything, it would only have been as to the exact meaning and practical application of the truths she had spoken. And after all, might she not have a clearer insight than myself into the mystery of God's ways with man?

"You must try to get Mr. Granger to go to church with you. It will be best for him, I am sure," said I, speaking with a stronger conviction of the truth of

what I said than I was willing to admit even to myself.

"If you would only urge him to go, Mr. Lyon. He has great confidence in your judgment, and will be influenced by what you say. You have helped him greatly; helped not only to lift him to his feet again, but to set them going in the right way. Only, Mr. Lyon—and you will excuse me for saying it—you are leading him, I greatly fear, into a state of false security. We may differ about this. But, sir, the safest way is the best way; and I am sure that he who goes to God under a sense of weakness, and prays for strength, will be stronger in the hour of temptation, and safer under the assaults of his enemies, than he who relies solely upon himself."

"Not solely upon himself," I returned. "I did not mean that he should so understand me. We have no life that is absolutely our own; and no strength that is absolutely our own; all are from God. Still, the life and strength that God is perpetually giving we must take and use as if it were our own. I meant no more and no less. God gives the strength to fight; but we must overcome. He does not work for us, nor fight for us, nor save us; for doing so would be to destroy what makes our very life. We must do all this for ourselves; using the power He is forever giving to all who will use it."

"And especially to all who call upon Him in truth," said Mrs. Granger. "It may be very clear to you, sir," she added, "how one may stand fast in the strength God is always giving. But, if I read my Bible aright, there is a sphere of safety higher and surer than this—more absolute getting, as it were, into the everlasting arms; and I shall never feel at ease in regard to my husband until I feel sure that these everlasting arms are round about him."

I left the house more thoughtful and serious than when I went in; and took my way to the Park, hoping that I might meet Mr. Granger; for, somehow, his wife's sense of insecurity in regard to him had left a like impression on my own mind. The afternoon was clear and bright, and many thousands of people were in the Park, walking, driving and recreating themselves in many ways; some, I regret to say, making too free use of the restaurants at which, in defiance of Sunday laws, but under license from the Park Commissioners, some of them church-going men, all kinds of intoxicating drinks were dispensed to the people.

I was sitting on the lawn near the largest of these restaurants, from which could be seen the beautiful river, placid as a lake, and the city with its spires and domes in the distance, when I saw Granger in company with two men, one of whom I recognized as a lawyer of some standing at the bar, and the other as a respectable merchant. They were crossing the lawn at the distance of twenty or thirty yards from where I was sitting, and going in the direction of one of the small refreshment tables that stood in front of the restaurant. On reaching this table, they all sat down and one of them beckoned to a waiter, who, on receiving his order, went away. In a little while he re-

turned with two glasses of some kind of mixed liquor and a bottle of soda water. My relief was great when I saw this, for I naturally inferred that the soda water was for Granger; and in this I was right. When they had finished their glasses, one of them took from his pocket a segar-case, and after each had lighted a segar and smoked for a little while, they got up and went leisurely strolling down one of the avenues, taking a homeward direction.

Two or three times I had been on the point of joining them, but the fear lest it should prove to Granger an embarrassing intrusion, restrained me from doing so. I was troubled at the occurrence. This was going into danger; taking unguarded rest on the enemy's ground; inviting temptation. It was scarcely possible, I saw, for Granger to sit drinking with his friends, though he took only soda water himself, without the odor of their glasses drifting to his nostrils with its enticing allurement for his denied appetite. Nor could he do so, without a mental contrast of their freedom with his restraint. In any view of the incident that I could take, it gave me only regret and concern; and I felt grieved almost to anger with the two friends who, knowing as they did the man's weakness and the great deep out of which he had just struggled, should so set temptation in his way as to make his fall again not only possible, but imminent.

CHAPTER IV.

I DID not feel easy in my mind until I had called at Granger's office on the next day. I found him all right and busy at work. His eyes brightened as he saw me, and he said, with genuine heartiness, as he grasped my hand: "I was so sorry you called yesterday without finding me at home. Helen told me of your visit. I had gone out for a stroll in the Park."

While I was hesitating whether or not to say that I had seen him there, he added, with a shade of pride and self-confidence in his voice: "I had an opportunity to test the native strength that lies with every man, yesterday, and to prove the power of a resolute 'I will not.'"

"Ah? What were the circumstances?" I wished to get his own story, and so gave no intimation of what I had seen.

He replied: "I met two friends while walking near Belmont, and they invited me to join them in a drink. My first thought was to say No; but not wishing to be disagreeable, I said, 'All right,' and we went over to Proskauer's. I had just a little fight with myself as we walked along; but it was soon over, and will stand firmly on guard. 'What will you take?' asked one of them, as we sat down in front of the restaurant. 'Claret punch,' said the other. 'And you?' looking at me. Will was all right and on guard, as I have said, and 'Soda water for me,' came without a shade of hesitation in my voice. I never felt in greater freedom nor more at ease and assured. Thank you from my heart, friend Lyon; you have helped me to get the full mastery of myself."

"If a man only will to overcome in the day of temptation, his victory is sure," said I, with renewed confidence; for was not the proof of this before me? "I am glad for your victory," I continued. "It not only gives you increased assurance of safety, but makes clear to your mind wherein this safety lies. It is within ourselves that we must look for help and strength. God is always giving us the power to live right and to dwell beyond the reach of our enemies; but He does not use that power for us. This we must do for ourselves."

"All as clear to me as the sun at noonday," Granger replied. "And how strong I feel in this consciousness that, if *I will not*, all hell, as you have said, cannot move me. To stand self-centered is to stand sure."

But for all his confidence and my own, I did not feel that Granger was wholly safe. If there had been no such thing as infirmity of the will, no sudden assaults of the enemy in unguarded moments, no alluring enticements of the flesh, nor subtle reasonings of the sensual principle, which is so ready to say when forbidden fruit is at the lips, "Ye shall not surely die," I might not have doubted. But I could not rule these considerations out of the question. They were ever existing sources of danger and causes of anxiety; and I knew but too well that the history of moral defection was the history of their dominion over the will of man.

"But after all," I could not help saying, "is it not safest for us to keep as much as possible out of the way of temptation?"

"Yes," he answered, in a tone that was almost indifferent. "Safest, of course, to be in a sheltered embrasure than out on the battle-field. But the skill to fight, and the power to resist assault, cannot be gained while one lies beyond the reach of danger. We must be brave and strong, and ever ready for the fight; not so much seeking to avoid conflict, as to be armed and ready, and quick to strike when the foe appears. Does any man know his strength until it is tried? Is any man really strong until he has met temptation and come out victorious?"

There are truths which become changed into fallacies because not considered in relation to other truths; or because of their too limited or too general application. In the case of Granger, while I could not deny the abstract truth of what he had been saying, I felt that he stood in great danger of letting it be to him little more than betraying fallacy.

I saw him frequently after this, and observed him closely. How fast the old strength, the old working force and the old ambition were returning. And with all, how strong he seemed to be in the new power which he had gained.

"My '*will not*' is my sword and shield," he said to me, many weeks after his new life began. "If my enemy assault me from a distance, I catch his arrows upon this shield; if he fall upon me suddenly, I defeat him with this sword."

Time passed, and still Granger's feet were standing on solid ground. Business came flowing in, and men

who had important cases were again employing him as counsel. He did not keep out of the way of temptation as much as I thought prudent; but his "*I will not*" held him above the force of all allurement.

At home, the new aspect of things was like the coming of spring after a long and desolate winter. The poor, little, ill-attired house was changed for one larger and more comfortable, and furnished in a style more befitting the tastes and habits of his wife and children. Old social relations were in many cases restored, and Mrs. Granger was seen now and then in public places with her husband. Heart-ache, deprivation, toil and humiliation had made sorrowful changes in her face, and shadowed her beautiful eyes; but slowly the new spring-time which opened upon her life wrought its sweet changes, until you began to lose sight of the winter's ravages, and to find in their stead the pleasant signs of a fast-coming and bountiful summer.

For a whole year Granger held his ground, walking safely amid temptations that assailed him on the right hand and on the left. His profession brought him into familiar association with men who not only used wine freely themselves, but made its offer to their friends a social courtesy. Still, his steady refusal to touch or taste was maintained. "*I will not*" continued to be his tower of strength.

"I am prouder of this self-mastery," he said to me one day, "than of any achievement of my life. In the strength of this asserted manhood, I stand as a rock, unmoved, though the billows dash madly against me."

"He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city," I replied. "The greatest of all heroes is the man who conquers himself."

"Say, rather, he who, single-handed, meets the infernal crew who would drag him down to death and hell, and beats them back," he replied.

There was a proud flush in his eyes as he lifted himself to a statelier bearing.

"Have you seen Mr. Granger recently?" asked my wife, not many weeks afterwards. It was on Sunday, and we were sitting at the dinner-table.

"No; why do you ask?" Something in Mrs. Lyon's voice gave me a feeling of uneasiness.

"I saw Mrs. Granger at church this morning, and she looked as if she had just come out of a spell of sickness."

"Was she at church last Sunday?"

"Yes."

"Did you observe anything unusual in her appearance then?"

"No."

"Was her daughter with her to-day?"

"Yes; and she looked almost as wretched as her mother. There's something wrong, I'm afraid. Oh, if Mr. Granger should have taken to drinking again, would it not be dreadful!"

My knife and fork dropped from my hands, and I half-rose from the table, so pained and startled was I by this suggestion.

"Oh, no, no, that cannot be!" I replied, as I made

an effort to compose myself. "Mr. Granger is too strong, and too well established in his reformation."

"From what I have heard you say," returned my wife, "I have been inclined to think him too self-confident. The boastful are not always the farthest removed from peril; and Granger has shown a weakness in this direction. His 'I will not,' in which you and he have put so great faith, may have proved his stone of stumbling."

"Why do you say that?" I demanded, in a voice meant to be assured, but into which came a betrayal of weakness and fear.

"A man," replied my wife, "who has such a fast faith in his 'I will not,' as Granger possesses, may fall through over-confidence in the power of self-mastery."

"How?"

"He may trust it too far."

"I do not get your meaning. What is it?"

"Your friend is offered a glass of wine. The sight and the odor kindle into a sudden flame the old desire. He is conscious of strength, and with an emphatic mental 'I will not!' turns from the tempting glass. But, suppose, in his conscious self-centered strength, as you call it, he should say, 'I will not taste but a single glass,' what then? Is he not as sure of himself after a single glass as he was before? Can he not say, 'So far and no farther?'"

"You know that he cannot!" I replied, almost sharply, for her suggestion had struck me like a blow. "That single glass would not only break the strength of his will but give to appetite a new and stronger power."

"But, suppose, in his self-confidence, he did not believe this? When we are well and strong we make light of over-strain, and the unseen but subtle influences of miasma. Don't you see the perpetual danger in which he would stand?"

I did see it as I had not seen it before; though many times fears and misgivings had troubled me.

"But about Mrs. Granger and her daughter?" I asked. "How did they look?"

"I only saw them for a moment or two in the vestibule of the church. At the first glance I scarcely recognized Mrs. Granger. There did not seem to be a particle of color in her face, which was pinched, as we see it in those who are suffering acute pain. She did not look up at any one, and had the manner of a person who wished to shrink away without attracting observation. Depend upon it, there is something wrong with her husband."

"Something wrong with her husband?" It had the sound of a knell in my ears.

After dinner, I called at Granger's residence and asked for him, but was informed by the servant that he was not at home. I then inquired for Mrs. Granger, who sent word that she was not feeling well, and asked to be excused. The servant's manner was repressed and mysterious. I went away with a heavy weight pressing on my heart, and taking a car rode out to the Park, thinking it possible that I might find

Granger there. I spent the whole afternoon in the neighborhood of Belmont, but saw nothing of him. In the evening, I called at his house again, but was told as before, that he was not at home. There was a look in the servant's face, as she made this answer, which led me to doubt its truth.

I made it my business to go to the lawyer's office as early as ten o'clock on the following day. He had not yet made his appearance. I returned at twelve; but he was still absent. Then I visited the court-rooms and inquired for him there; but no one remembered to have seen him within the last two or three days. Late in the afternoon, I again visited his office, but the door was still locked.

On the next day, and on the next, my efforts to find Granger were no more successful. He still remained away from his office. A week passed without my seeing him. I had again and again called at his residence, only to be informed that he was not at home.

Sitting in my office, late one afternoon, I heard the door open, and turning, saw this man for whom so great a concern was lying on my heart. Was it all a dream, then, this year of reform and restoration?—a bright, but cheating dream? As I had seen him, debased, nerveless, wretched, a year ago, so I saw him now! Eyes blood-shot; dress soiled and disordered; face shorn of all manliness and marked in every lineament with signs of debauchery and excess!

"O Granger! Granger!" I cried out, the sorrow and pain which I felt going into my voice. "And has it come to this? All your strength gone! All your manhood trodden into the mire?"

"All gone," he answered, in a moody, dogged kind of way, as he shut the door and came a step or two forward. I saw that he was considerably under the influence of drink.

"I had hoped better things of you than this, Mr. Granger," said I, with a measure of rebuke in my voice.

"And I had hoped better things of myself," he replied, as he sat down, or, rather, dropped heavily into a chair. "But I rather guess we reasoned without our host, friend Lyon,—built on a sandy foundation; and when the winds blew, and the rain fell, and the floods came, down went the house; and the fall thereof was great. Ha! Isn't it so? Don't you remember that talk we had with Mr. Stannard—about the new leaf I had turned, and the writing that was to go thereon. You and he differed about it, I remember; and I took your view of the case. But, d'you know, I've always had a notion that he was nearest right."

"Then, in Heaven's name, try his way!" I exclaimed. "Anything to save you from this dreadful sin and debasement."

"That is, go and join the church." He gave a short, ironical laugh. "Nice subject for the church!" And he looked down at himself. "But, see here, Lyon," his manner changing, "I'm all cleaned out. Look!" and he held his pocket-book open. "All gone, you perceive. Had more than a hundred dollars when—when—I got on this confounded spree!"

Lend me a twenty. I want to buy a clean shirt, and get a bath, and fix myself up before going home."

"Will you fix yourself up and go home?" I asked.

"Of course I will. But I can't meet Helen and the children looking like this. I'd rather go and jump into the river."

I hesitated, not feeling sure of him. He was under the influence of drink; and the word of a man in this condition can rarely if ever be trusted.

"Honor bright, Mr. Lyon. I'm not going to deceive you. I've set my foot down, and don't mean to drink another drop.

"Here are ten dollars," I said, taking a bank-bill from my pocket-book; "but before I give it to you, I must have your word as a man of honor that you will not spend a dollar of this money for liquor."

"My word and my honor, Mr. Lyon," and he placed his hand over his heart.

In the next moment he was reaching out eagerly for the bank-bill, which I let him take, though not without many misgivings as to his proper use of the money. He rose immediately and made a movement to leave the office.

"Not yet, Mr. Granger. Sit down again. I wish to have a little more talk with you."

"I'll call in to-morrow," he replied, not resuming his seat, and showing considerable eagerness to get away. "Haven't been home since day before yesterday, and they're getting worried about me. Good-afternoon!"

And before I could make a movement to intercept him, he was gone.

(To be continued.)

CURSED WITH BLESSINGS.

"CURSED with blessings." I closed the page, and leaned back in reflection.

"Here is another paradox," said I. "Cursed with blessings! It is simply a contradiction in terms. What does the writer mean?"

I turned to the page again, and read on. "There is such a thing as being cursed with blessings, so that the earthly good a man seeks shall become the greatest evil that can be visited upon him."

Some gleams of light passed into my mind. Thought and memory went to work; and soon around the proposition gathered a host of illustrating incidents. I remembered the case of a man who, in early and middle life, always, in family prayer, brought in the petition, "Increase our basket and store." And the worldly good things he so much desired came—came in rich abundance. He added house to house, until his rents flowed back upon him, a princely income. But his selfish heart made all his earthly blessings a curse. Like the miser, his life was in his possessions; and when anything threatened these, trouble of spirit arose. The dread of loss by fire haunted him like a murderer's conscience. He insured, but felt only half protected by insurance, for there were dishonest companies, flaws in contracts, quibbles in the

law. He had suffered one loss in this way. It was not serious, but enough to break his faith in insurance as a reliable protection against fire. And so, every stroke of the alarm bell, by night or by day, gave a shock to his nerves, and sent a pang of fear to his heart. Sweet, refreshing sleep became a stranger to his pillow. The ghost of apprehension was forever by his side, a fearful vision.

Then came a morbid dread of poverty; and, after a time, his day-dreams and fitful night-visions began to be pauperism and the almshouse. At sixty he was insane, from this cause, and died, in the hallucination of abject want, leaving a hundred thousand dollars of property, which passed to heirs, who made the blessing a curse also, as he had done, but in another way. In five years from his death, his two sons realized their father's fears, and now fill paupers' graves.

"Cursed with blessings! Even so!" I said, as memory closed the page on which this history was recorded. "Like the manna which the children of Israel gathered in the wilderness, life's blessings must be used to-day—if hoarded selfishly, they will not keep."

Another illustration memory gave. I knew a man who set his heart upon wealth as a means of comfort in old age. "I am willing to work now," he used to say, "while I am young and vigorous; though business is distasteful to me. I love ease and freedom, and for the sake of gaining them I toil on in early manhood."

And while he toiled on he was comparatively happy. I can remember him as one of the most cheerful men in my circle of acquaintance. But competence rewarded his labor ere yet his sun of life had swept beyond the zenith, and his "basket and store" were full. His toil crowned him with blessings. And so he retired from the busy world to enjoy these good things which had come to him in return for useful industry. Alas for my friend! He had no taste for books, no love of art, no fondness for country life or pleasant gardening. His mind had been educated only in one direction. He was a man of business, and that alone. And so he had nothing to do but to sit down and enjoy himself. How impossible that was, he discovered in less than a month. During the first and second seasons he tried Cape May, Saratoga, Newport and a trip down the Lakes and the St. Lawrence. But he did not really enjoy himself. How could he? There is no enjoyment for a man living without a purpose. Mere killing time is only a slow, soul-killing operation, and is always accompanied by pain.

Ten years ago it was when my friend retired from business to enjoy his fortune. His cup of blessing was full, and he has been holding it to his lips ever since, trying to find sweetness in the draught; but, judging from the expression of his face, the tone of his voice, and the character of his remarks, I think the wine in his cup must be dashed with unusual bitterness. His blessing has become a curse.

Another received a moderate fortune from a distant relative. He happened to be heir-at-law, and the

relative dying without a will, he came most unexpectedly into possession of about thirty-five thousand dollars in cash. He was a clerk, with a salary of one thousand dollars a year, living frugally with his wife and two children in a small, rented house. Few men enjoyed life with a keener zest than this young man. But the fortune proved his ruin. The clerkship was at once given up for a business venture; the hired house for a handsome purchased dwelling; omnibus rides for drives in an elegant carriage; social tea companies for elegant parties. His course was brilliant but brief. The blessing was made a curse. Soured, dissatisfied, maddened by a sudden fall from the height up to which he had soared, away down into the valley of abject poverty, he lost self-respect and self-control. Drink made the ruin complete. His pale widow sits toiling now, early and late, striving to keep the wolf of hunger from her door.

Shall we go on, varying these illustrations of the text? They may be taken from every condition in life, and from all of its wide relations. There is not a reader who cannot supply his quota, and set them even in stronger light than we have done. And there is not a reader who may not, with the writer, find in his own past history almost unnumbered instances in which he has turned his good things into evil; his blessing into cursing. We all do it, when we let affection rest in mere natural and sensual things, instead of making these things ministers of the soul's higher life. Worldly possessions are blessings, if acquired as a means to useful ends; but they curse us, when we make them our chiefest good.

WEATHER SIGNS.

TO most of the weather signs, once regarded as mere fancies and superstitions, science now gives an intelligent interpretation. We take from *Domestic Science*, in "*The Reason Why*" series, the following explanations of some of these signs. They will interest all readers:

Why may wet weather be anticipated when the perfume of flowers is unusually perceptible?

Because when the air is damp it conveys the odors of flowers more effectively than when dry.

Why may rain be expected if various flowers close?

Because plants are highly sensitive to atmospheric changes, and close their petals to protect their stamens.

Why may rain be looked for when distant objects appear to be unusually near?

Because when the air has nearly reached saturation there is a cessation of those vapor movements by which the air is rendered in some degree obscure. Sir Isaac Newton remarked that the stars seemed nearer and better adapted for observation in the clear intervals of rain, or before showers, than at any other time.

Why may rain be expected when sounds and noises are heard more distinctly than usual?

Because water is a better conductor of sound than air, and hence the conducting power of air may be improved when it contains a large admixture of aqueous vapor. The clouds have been supposed to

act as "sounding-boards," but that explanation cannot be relied upon, since, at the distance that clouds fly from the earth, if they influenced sounds they would produce echoes.

The sound of distant church bells is greater before rain than at any other time; clocks afar off then appear to strike louder, and consequently to be nearer than usual. Other noises, such as sawing, hammering, the whetting of the mower's scythe, or the whirling sound of mills, and the murmuring of the sea, are all heard from a greater distance than usual; as are the crowing of cocks, human voices and music of all kinds.

Why may change of weather be anticipated when domestic animals are restless?

Because their skins are exceedingly sensitive to atmospheric influences, and they are oppressed and irritated by the changing condition of the atmosphere.

Why may rain be expected if cocks crow at uncommon hours or clap their wings a great deal?

Because they are sensitive to atmospheric changes—perhaps even more so than human beings. Their crowing at uncommon hours is simply from restlessness, probably caused by the changing atmosphere.

Why may rain be expected when sparrows chirp more than usual?

The same atmospheric causes of irritability operate upon sparrows as upon other birds; chirping is their mode of expressing that irritability; hence, as they generally assemble in numbers, they make a great noise.

Why may wet weather be expected when swallows fly low?

Because the insects which the swallows pursue in their flight are flying low to escape the moisture of the upper regions of the atmosphere.

Why do ducks and geese go to the water, and dash it over their backs, on the approach of rain?

Because, by wetting the outer coat of their feathers before the rain falls, by sudden dashes of water over the surface, they prevent the drops of rain from penetrating to their bodies through the open and dry feathers.

Why do horses and cattle stretch out their necks and snuff the air on the approach of rain?

Because they smell the fragrant perfume which is diffused in the air by its increasing moistness.

Why may rain be expected when toads come from their holes?

Because toads like moisture; they also live upon insects, which either crawl from the soil, or descend from the air to the earth, in damp weather.

Why may fine weather be expected when spiders are seen busily constructing their webs?

Because those insects are highly sensitive to the state of the atmosphere, and when it is setting fine they build their webs, knowing instinctively that flies will be abroad.

Why is wet weather to be expected when spiders hide?

Because it shows that they are aware that the state of the atmosphere does not favor the flight of insects.

Why may wet weather be expected when spiders break off their webs and remove them?

Because the insects, anticipating the approach of rain, remove their webs for preservation.

Why may rain be expected when flies and other insects become troublesome and sting?

Because those insects, feeling instinctively the approach of damp, seek their food before taking shelter. When the skin of animals is moistened by a damp atmosphere flies can more easily pierce it.

Why may fine weather be expected if gnats fly in large numbers?

Because it shows that they feel the state of the atmosphere to be favorable, which induces them to leave their places of shelter.

Why may rain be expected when hens dust themselves in holes?

This is the manner in which hens display the irritability which they feel from the changing atmosphere. The parasites which live upon them also become more active, and the hens dust themselves to get rid of them.

Why will it change to fine if owls scream during foul weather?

Because the birds are pleasurable excited by a favorable change in the atmosphere.

Why may wet, and probably thunder, be expected if birds cease to sing?

Because birds are depressed by an unfavorable change in the atmosphere, and lose those joyful spirits which give rise to their songs.

Why may thunder be expected if cattle run around in meadows?

Because the electrical state of the atmosphere has the effect of making them feel uneasy and irritable, and they chase each other about to get rid of the irritability.

Why may rain be expected when ants are seen busily carrying their eggs?

Because, feeling instinctively the increasing dampness of the atmosphere, they remove their eggs to places of greater safety. The first thing they do when disturbed or alarmed by any cause is to remove their eggs.

Why may severe weather be expected if birds of passage arrive early?

Because it shows that the indications of unfavorable weather have set in, in the latitude from which the birds come, and that they have taken an early flight to escape it.

Why may east winds be anticipated if the webs of the gossamer spider fly about in the autumn?

Because an east wind is dry and dense, and suitable to the flight of the gossamer spider; the spider, feeling instinctively the dryness of the air, throws out its web, and finds it more than unusually buoyant upon the dense air.

Why may rain be expected when moles throw up their hills?

Because the moles know instinctively that worms move in the ground on the approach of wet; the moles therefore become active, and form their hills.

Why may we expect a continuance of fine weather when bees wander far from their hives?

Because the bees feel instinctively that from the state of the atmosphere they may wander far in search of honey without the danger of being overtaken by rain.

The following lines, by Dr. Darwin, set forth various weather prognostics in a pleasing manner:

The hollow *winds* begin to blow;
The *clouds* look black, the *glass* is low;
The *soot* falls down, the *spaniels* sleep;
And *spiders* from their *oubwebs* peep.
Last night the *sun* went pale to bed;
The moon in *halos* hid her head.
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For, see, a *rainbow* spans the sky.
The *walls* are damp, the *ditches* smell,
Closed is the light red *pimpernel*.
Hark! how the *chairs* and *tables* crack,
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
Her *corns* with shooting pains torment her,
And to her bed untimely send her.
Loud quack the *ducks*, the *sea-fowls* cry,
The distant *hills* are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting *swine*!
The busy *flies* disturb the kine.
Low o'er the grass the *swallow* wings;
The *cricket*, too, how sharp he sings!
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whisker'd jaws.
The *smoke* from chimneys right ascends;
Then, spreading, back to earth it bends.
The *wind* unsteady veers around,
Or settling in the south is found.
Through the clear stream the *fishes* rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The *glowworms*, numerous, clear and bright,
Illum'd the dewy hill last night.
At dusk the *squid* *toad* was seen,
Like quadruped, stalk o'er the green,
The whirling wind the *dust* obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays.
The *frog* has chang'd his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is dress'd.
The *sky* is green, the *air* is still,
The mellow *blackbird's* voice is shrill.
The *dog*, so alter'd is his taste,
Quits mutton bones on grass to feast.
Behold the *rooks*, how odd their flight,
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
The tender *colts* on back do lie,
Nor heed the traveller passing by.
In fiery red the *sun* doth rise,
Then wades through clouds to mount the skies.
'Twill surely rain, we see with sorrow,
No working in the fields to-morrow.

Why may rain be expected when the smaller stars look dull or are imperceptible?

Because, those stars being duller in light than others, they become the sooner obscured by the condensing vapors.

Why may rain be expected if people feel their corns ache and their bones rheumatic?

Because the dampness of the atmosphere affects its pressure upon the body, and causes a temporary dis-

turbance of the system. All general disturbances of the body manifest themselves in those parts which are in a morbid state—as in a corn, a rheumatic bone or a decayed tooth.

Why is a ringing or singing noise in the ears indicative of change of weather?

Because the change in the pressure of the atmosphere affects the fine blood vessels of the ear, and causes a greater or lesser flow of blood therein. These noises may indicate either a change from foul to fair weather, or from fair to foul.

Why does the setting in of an east wind cause bodily aches and derangements?

Because east winds are generally dry and irritating. Those winds reach us across the plains of Northern Germany, which are frequently cold and dry. The sudden arrival of an east wind produces great atmospheric changes which disturb our bodily system.

Why do feathers, pieces of flue and dry leaves, playing about on the surface of ponds, indicate rain?

Because, just before the setting in of rain, the rapid condensation of moisture causes eccentric currents and motions of the wind, and these produce eddies on the surface of the water.

Why does the snapping of the flame of a candle or lamp indicate rain?

Because the dampness of the air probably settled upon the wick before the candle was lighted; or it may be drawn to the flame in the current that flies toward it. In either case excess of moisture would cause a crackling noise.

Why do the brightness and heat of the fire in winter indicate frosty weather?

Because they show that the air is dry and dense, and that the amount of oxygen conveyed to the fire is considerable in consequence of that density.

When London was lit with oil lamps, which were left to burn themselves out, it was observed that on damp nights they continued to burn a much longer time than when the air was dry and favorable to rapid combustion.

Mother's Department.

BABY'S NOSE OUT OF JOINT.

AMONG the many contributions to the "Literature of Babyhood," which have appeared since the publication of "Helen's Babies," the one entitled "Annals of a Baby," is the best. We give our readers a taste of its fine quality in the following extract, showing how the Baby's nose was put out of joint:

Baby could not understand it at all; she only comprehended in her small way that a great change had come over everything in her little world. The dear Young Mother lay very pale and quiet on her bed, and Baby's crib had been removed from her side into the chamber of Baby's Nurse, all of whose tenderness and patience could not supply the loss—when, restless in the new place, Baby woke in the night—of the low, familiar tones, and the soft caress of the maternal hand that always soothed, because Baby knew it so well, and felt such a sense of security and peace under it.

The Fat Nurse had come in one day in her coal-scuttle bonnet, with her bulgy umbrella and never-failing basket. But she had come to stay, for the basket had been deposited in the closet, with its faded green ribbon strings all untied; the umbrella had been carefully stood in a remote corner, and the big bonnet replaced by a stiffly-starched frilled cap that struck awe into Baby's heart; and as somehow Baby dimly connected the arrival of this important personage with the beginning of her troubles, she looked upon that florid countenance with no favorable eye, especially as the Fat Nurse was so absorbed in a white bundle on her lap that she took very little notice of Baby Number One. Nor could Baby see any reason why that same long white bundle should attract the attention of every one who came in almost to the exclusion of Baby's hitherto most prominent self; and the ominous phrase, "Baby's nose is out of joint," so often repeated, seemed to imply some usurpation of her infantile rights, and such a relegation to the background, that when the Fat Nurse at

last condescended to hold the white bundle low down for her sisterly inspection, her only impulse was to double her dimpled fist and make an effort to punch the tiny bald head suddenly presented to her bewildered view.

First, when Baby's Nurse had brought her in fresh and rosy from her bath, to receive the Young Mother's languid morning kiss, this new-comer had been held up for due observance, and Baby's Nurse had clasped her close to her breast, and said "Baby's nose is out of joint" with such a sad inflection in her voice, that Baby felt that some misfortune had befallen her, and that this white doll with the scarlet face was the occasion of it. And the Fat Nurse had responded, "Turn about, fair play!" in such an unsympathetic tone, that Baby hated her forthwith.

Then the Young Father had come in, and was very tender over his pale wife, and passing Baby by, had gone across the room, and leaned over the new child, looking at it silently for a moment, touching its downy cheek gently with his finger, and then, as Baby keenly felt, with his notice only partly engrossed by her, had taken her in his arms for the usual greeting and toss, exclaiming half-absently and half-triumphantly, "Baby's nose is out of joint!" Baby's nose began to have a queer sensation, and was very nearly twisted for a burst of crying, as the Fat Nurse replied: "It's natur', sir! Babes comes and babies goes, and noses ain't steady long." The Young Father laughed a happy little laugh, and went off to his office with his heart brimming over with joy at the Young Mother's safety, and the addition of another darling to his household, and left Baby feeling more and more that the Fat Nurse was her mortal enemy.

Then baby had been banished from the Young Mother's room, which had been her only nursery, to another afar off, where she vented herself for two or three days in all the ill-temper of babyhood; and when she was just about to find consolation in a bald-headed dolly that had a towel pinned round it to represent the white bundle down-stairs, and which she

could shake and slap to her heart's content, she was suddenly called for to go and see the Grandfathers, who had come to welcome their last grandchild into this mortal world. And lo! as she entered at the door Grandfather Number Two shook his gold-headed cane as if he was threatening her, and called out lustily: "Ha! ha! little one, your nose is out of joint!" and Grandfather Number One echoed the phrase just a shade less forcibly. And the Fat Nurse began to trot down a rising whine from the new-found voice, accompanying the motion with the refrain, "Out of joint, out of jointy, jointy, jointy, jointy!" So that when, in a new-accession of wrath, Baby declined to be received upon the Grandpaternal knees, the ancient men chuckled her under the chin, and smiling at each other as if it was a good joke, said, merrily: "The little vixen is jealous!" and Baby experienced for the first time that Grandfathers are a delusion and a snare.

The Grandmothers rustled in, with their rosy faces and shining black silks, and chirruped to the Young Mother, and gossiped over the new baby, with just a careless kiss to Baby, who began to watch with sensitive spirit for tokens of inattention and displacement, till at last one of them, laying her hand upon the golden curls, said, conclusively: "Well, Nurse, it is a very fine child, and this one's nose is out of joint!" And the Fat Nurse, like an everlasting echo, had responded: "Every dog must have his day!" And Baby turned her large eyes reproachfully upon the frilled cap, as if wondering why, when her old friend had removed her big bonnet, she should thus take part with every one against her former nurserling.

The roomy coach, driven by the Fat Coachman, brought Aunt Hannah to the unusually quiet house, where the missing of the sweet presence going in and out of the rooms gave all but the one an aspect of loneliness and emptiness. She had taken the new baby in her arms, and sat holding it awhile with her face full of blessing and love; Baby stood a little way off, looking at her wistfully, and waiting for the inevitable remark, and then, as if magnetized by the yearning that softened the brooding features, she slowly drew nearer, and leaned up against her. Quickly one arm was disengaged from the white bundle, and went around the small figure not too steadfast yet upon its chubby feet, and the thoughtful eyes were turned upon the almost imploring little countenance lifted to her own, and Aunt Hannah saw there something that no else had observed, for she said, half-questioningly, "I wonder if this wee creature feels that her pretty nose is out of joint?" to which the Fat Nurse heartlessly replied, "I reckon she's most too young to feel much yet, and anyhow, she'll soon get used to it!" Poor Baby began to have a dim perception that there was no longer any hope for her, and that the repetition of this bitter phrase spread desolation over her early days. The bright Young Aunties floated in, gay and gushing over the great event; and they cooed, and gurgled, and talked baby talk over the strange arrival, and tenderly touched its mites of hands, and insisted on being shown its tinted feet and tiny toes, till Baby's heart swelled within her, for perhaps she remembered, as it was not so long ago, that they had once gone on in the same way over her now neglected self. It was too much that this red-faced, bald-headed bundle should rob her of the allegiance of these devoted adherents; too much that the flattery of their ringing voices should be turned aside from their hitherto spoiled and reigning darling; that the pet names should be transferred and the faithless admiration

changed to a new object. What to the grown woman is the misery of power and love passing away to a rival, was Baby's experience of this fickleness of adulation; her small brow puckered, and her rosebud of a mouth began to quiver; and as a woman exerts all her arts to win back again the wan influence, so the undeveloped cunning of womanhood born in an infant's breast, caused baby to put forth all her hitherto irresistible wiles to attract the altered attention. And the Young Aunties saw through the device and made themselves merry over it, and petted her fondly, but with a side glance still at the new baby; and as though conscious of a diminished interest in their heretofore idol, passed her from one to another with a manner that was partly self-excusing, as each said to each, "But our Baby's nose is out of joint!"

The childish heart was very full, but not yet did the cup overflow, until the Poor Relation entered the room, and catching a glimpse of the young face with the shadow of a first sorrow on it, murmured as though she comprehended the situation, "Ah! the poor little nose is out of joint." That was the last drop! That she, too, the best beloved, should echo this unceasing reproach, and sting the suffering soul with these repeated words of doom, even though spoken in compassion, was more than could be longer endured. Then Baby went quickly aside, and turning her face from all of them, sat down in a distant corner fronting the wall, and great sobs rose in her throat, and the moans of a bruised spirit sounded through the surprised silence. Consternation fell for a moment upon every one present; but the Fat Nurse, so careless before, divined the meaning of this outburst.

"I do believe," she said, remorsefully, "that we've all been blind as bats and hard as rocks, and that that Baby has been a-thinkin' and a-feelin' more than we had any idea of! Every one of us has been a-tellin' her that her nose is out of joint, till it has made the little creatur' lonesome. We don't give these young uns credit enough for knowingness. Poor little tot!"

But the Young Mother had risen up in bed, and cried out: "Oh, give me my Baby!—not that one—my first Baby! Don't you see her heart is breaking? Oh, bring her to me!"

And the Poor Relation lifted the little desolate form in her gentle arms and laid her on the Young Mother's bosom, where the passionately tender words and the soft, familiar caress soon stilled the strangling sobs and grief-wrung wail; and sheltered there upon that faithful breast, Baby gained her first conception and realization that, come weal or woe, though friends may fail and the world forget, or others share the sacred love, to the Mother's heart no Baby's nose is ever out of joint.

THE true felicity of life is to be free from perturbations, to understand our duties towards God and man, to enjoy the present without any anxious dependence upon the future, not to amuse ourselves with either hopes and fears, but to rest satisfied with what we have, which is abundantly sufficient; for he that is so, wants nothing.

LOVE for love is but justice and gratitude; love for no love is favor and kindness, but love for hatred and enmity is a most divine temper, a steady and immutable goodness that is not to be stirred by provocation, and so far from being conquered, that it is rather confirmed by its contrary.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

SHAKESPEARE'S LITTLE FOLKS.

THE STORY OF PERDITA.

FROM "A WINTER'S TALE."

ON a wild, desolate shore there landed from a vessel two men. One was a nobleman, richly dressed, the other was a sailor. The clouds were gathering overhead, and the wind was rising and whistling shrilly, as if a fierce storm were rising. "Do not go too far, my lord," said the sailor, "'tis like to be loud weather; besides, this part of the coast is famous for the beasts of prey that keep upon it."

"You can return to the ship," replied the nobleman, "and I will follow instantly. Come, poor baby," he continued, opening his mantle, beneath which he carried a little child upon his arm, "I surely saw thy mother in my dreams last night. In pure white robes she came, her face full of sorrow; and when she tried to speak, the tears choked her voice. At last she bid me leave thee on this coast; said thy name should be Perdita; and so with shrieks she melted into air. Farewell, pretty blossom; lie there. Thou'rt like to have too rough a lullaby, for the day frowns more and more, and I must hasten to get on board the ship."

Then the nobleman turned toward the sea, where the vessel was already tossed in the midst of the waves; and a loud cry for help arose from the mariners on board the ship; while as he ran toward the rocks, a savage bear rushed forth and pursued him.

In the meantime, the poor little baby lay crying on the cold ground, with the stormy wind howling and blowing around it; but presently there came across the heath an old man; he was looking carefully around him, for he was a shepherd, and had lost two of his best sheep. As he was peering through the gloom and the mist, his eye suddenly caught sight of the little bundle lying on the ground. To his great surprise he found it was a little child, and taking it up carefully, he determined at once that for pity he would take the little lamb to his own house. So he shouted to his son, who was not far off and soon came up, and then he showed him the wonderful thing which he had found. But his son told him that he had seen two terrible and strange sights. He had seen a fine ship go down with all on board within sight of land; and he had seen a noble gentleman attacked and devoured by a bear. They did not know, however, that it was this man who had put the baby out upon the heath.

The storm was now very violent, and it was getting darker and darker; so the old shepherd and his son decided to look no more for their lost sheep that night, but to carry the little child at once to their cottage. They saw from the baby's dress that it must belong to rich people, for all its clothes were of the finest and best materials, fit for a little princess. They did not know what was the baby's name, but they called her Perdita, which means lost.

So the little Perdita was brought up in the shepherd's cottage as his daughter; but though she had no playfellows but the children of the poor people near, and though she lived the same life as they did, and wore the same rough dress, yet there was an inward difference, which shone through the outside

resemblance, and made every one feel she did not belong to them. She was gentle and loving, and had a high sense of truth and honor, so that she could not hear anything false, or that pretended to be what it was not. She was gracious and kind in her manners to all, but a certain shyness and reserve kept her from being so familiar and outspoken as the peasants were with one another. She was very fond of flowers, and planted and tended them carefully in the little garden around the shepherd's cottage.

It seemed as though the little child had brought good luck to the old shepherd, for as she grew up his flocks increased; he bought land of his own, and became known as a man that from very nothing had quickly risen to a good estate.

The house of the old shepherd was not far from the castle where the king of that country lived. His name was Polixenes; and it happened one day that the king's son Florizel was out hawking, when his falcon took flight across the old shepherd's fields to his house. The prince followed the bird, and in this way he first saw Perdita. He did not know that she was not the shepherd's daughter, but that pure beauty of her inward truth and sweetness, which so raised her in nobleness and gentleness above those around her, made the prince love her as soon as he saw her. He was good and true himself, and though he only saw Perdita in her simple village dress, busy about all the common household work of the old shepherd's cottage, he felt she was worthy to be his wife, and was ready to make any sacrifice for her.

Before long the king was told that his son Florizel spent much of his time in the house of a very homely shepherd who had a daughter of most rare note, and he thought he should like to see the maiden for himself, and to have some talk with the shepherd about her. He proposed, therefore, to one of his courtiers, that they should disguise themselves as peasants, and go to the shepherd's house.

It happened that day that the shepherd was keeping the sheep-shearing feast, and all the village was assembled at his house, every one gayly dressed in country fashion, ready to celebrate the coming of the spring with flowers and dances.

Perdita had been busy making cakes and puddings for the guests, and tying up for every one a nosegay of flowers; and now she was to be the mistress of the feast, and receive and welcome every visitor as he arrived. Before any of the other guests, came Florizel, dressed exactly like one of the young shepherds; and soon afterwards two middle-aged men approached the cottage, whom Perdita had not seen before, but whom she took to be two of the peasants from the village.

As soon as all the guests were arrived, and had been made welcome, the dancing began upon the grass before the cottage, and Florizel danced, of course, with Perdita. The two strangers, who were no other than the king and one of his courtiers, stood watching them, and presently the king said: "This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever ran on the green sward; nothing she does or seems but smacks of something greater than herself, too noble for this place." Then they called the old shepherd, and began to talk to him about his daughter, and asked him who the young man was that danced with her. So the shepherd told them that they called him Doricles; but he did not know much about him, only

that he loved his daughter, and was good and true, and that he seemed to be of better estate than they.

While the old people were talking, and the lads and lasses were dancing merrily on the green, a servant announced that a pedlar had just come to the house with his pack full of curious and pretty things—ribbons, gloves and plenty of merry ballads and songs. So the dance was stopped, and the pedlar called for, who came in singing:

"Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cypress black as ere was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber;
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Pins and poking sticks of steel;
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me; come buy, come buy!"

The shepherds and village maidens all gathered round his pack, turning over his wares and trying his songs; and the young men bought ribbons, and gloves, and laces for their favorite lasses. But Florizel bought nothing for Perdita, nor did they go near the pedlar and his pack, but stood apart talking together. Then the king went up to Florizel, who did not in the least recognise his father, and asked him why he had bought nothing for Perdita, and if he really cared for her and wished to keep her love? So Florizel replied that he had bought nothing for her from the pedlar's pack, because he knew she did not prize trifles such as these. But he took her hand and declared before the two old men and the shepherd, that were he the greatest monarch of the world, and had more strength and knowledge than man had yet possessed, he would not prize them without her love, and would employ them all in her service.

"Then," said the old shepherd, "I will give my daughter to you, and will make her fortune equal yours, and these unknown friends shall bear witness to the contract."

"But stop," cried the king, "has not the young man a father? This business cannot be concluded without him; he must know of this contract. A son may choose himself a wife, but the father should hold some counsel in such a matter."

"I grant all this," said Florizel, "but for some reasons, which I cannot tell you, my father must on no account be informed of this contract."

Then the king broke into a fierce rage, and made himself known to them. He ordered his son to follow him home, and declared that if he ever saw Perdita again he would disown him as his son, and cut him off from the succession to the throne; and he would have Perdita put to death by the most cruel torture he could devise. So in great anger he departed to his castle.

Perdita now besought Florizel to go, and not to risk for her his state and the throne, saying that her dream was over, and that she would milk her ewes and weep. But Florizel declared his mind was in no way changed by his father's threats; what he had but just now said he would be steadfast to.

Then it was proposed that, as the king had said he would put Perdita to death, they should go on board a vessel which was just about to sail for Sicily, and Florizel should present himself with his bride to Leontes, the king, who long ago had been a friend of his father, Polixenes. There was no time to be lost, and Florizel and Perdita were soon upon the sea.

In due time they arrived in Sicily, and it was announced to the King Leontes that Prince Florizel and his fair princess had come to visit him. Directly the king saw Perdita he started, and seemed as

though he could not take his eyes from her face; and he told Paulina, a good lady of his court, that he was struck with the strong resemblance in Perdita to his wife Hermione. He listened readily to the petition of Florizel, that he would endeavor to procure the forgiveness of his father Polixenes, and that he would receive Perdita as his wife; and Leontes promised that he would do what he could for him with his father.

But before Leontes could go or send to Polixenes, the latter himself arrived in Sicily, and strange to say, he brought with him the old shepherd and his son. In the presence of the two kings, Florizel, Perdita and some of the court, the old shepherd had to relate how he had found Perdita, a little, crying child, lying on the wild heath by the sea; and he then unfolded a mantle, which had been wrapped around the child, upon which a precious jewel was fastened at the neck. The mantle and the jewel were at once identified as having belonged to the Queen Hermione; and Leontes, the King of Sicily, almost beside himself with joy, declared that Perdita must be his own long-lost child. But in the midst of his joy at finding his daughter, and the thanks which he poured out upon the old shepherd, for his long care of her, he often broke into sorrowful exclamations of, "Oh! thy mother, thy mother!" Then he bravely confessed to Perdita, how, many years before, he, in a mad fit of baseless suspicion, had turned against his wife and child; how he had ordered his little daughter to be carried away, where he might never see her again; and how her mother, the good Queen Hermione, had died of sorrow. There were many tears shed when this sad story was told; but there was joy to come, for the King Leontes was happy to find that all the evil which in his madness he had intended to do, and over which he had greatly sorrowed since, had not attained its end; and that he had still child, and an heiress to his kingdom; and Florizel and Perdita were happy, because Polixenes was now ready to receive them both as son and daughter; and the good Paulina, who had been the true, firm friend of Hermione, was happy indeed when she clasped her child to her heart; and not the least happy and proud were the old shepherd and his son, for the two kings called the old man "brother," and the prince and princess had taken his hand and called him "father," and Florizel had called the young shepherd "brother," so that they believed themselves to be of royal kin for the rest of their lives.

One more thing remained to be done. It was rumoured that Paulina had had made the most beautiful life-like statue of Hermione, which she kept in a lonely house near the town; and Perdita wished greatly to see this perfect resemblance of her mother. So it was arranged that Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel and Perdita should go and see this statue. Paulina took them to her house and brought them into a small chapel attached to it. Here she drew aside a curtain, and there appeared Hermione, just as she had stood and looked years before, only that her face seemed to be worn by age, and had wrinkles on it. The King Leontes was greatly overcome at the sight. She looked so real, that he implored her forgiveness, and begged Paulina to let him kiss the statue. Perdita also begged to take the hand of her mother, and to kneel before her, as if to implore her blessing.

Just then there was a sound of soft music, and, to the astonishment of all, the statue began to move, descended from the pedestal and approached Leontes. The king took her by the hand, and drew her to him;

and then the truth became known. It was no statue, but Hermione herself, who had not really died, but had been concealed by Paulina in her house until the king should recover his true senses again. And now Perdita had not only found her father, but her good and gentle mother, too, and the happiness of all was complete. She had been a kind, good daughter to the old shepherd in his homely cottage, when she

had believed him to be her father, and was content to tend her flowers and milk her ewes, like any other shepherd maiden, and now we may be sure that the same love and duty would guide her rightly as the daughter of the king and queen of Sicily and the wife of the Prince Florizel.

ANNA BUCKLAND, in "*Little Folks.*"

The Home Circle.

ENTERTAINING STRANGERS.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

AUNT ETHEL, how can you?" said Flo Richards, tossing her head disdainfully, as a forlorn-looking old man—apparently one of the class termed "tramps"—passed out at the gate. "To every person who enters the house, be it washerwoman, peddler or tramp, you speak just so kindly. And you actually placed a chair for that creature, with as much courtesy as if he were Judge Freeman. You gave him something to eat, too. I wouldn't. I don't see how you can treat such persons civilly."

"There are various reasons," said Ethel Ray, gently, a shadow falling upon the usually bright face, and a grieved expression coming into the dark eyes as she noticed the haughty manner and scornful tones of her niece. "And it pains me deeply that you should speak so, dear. There is abundant reason why we should treat others—the beggar no less than the rich man—with kindness and courtesy; and not to do so, shows an arrogance and a littleness of mind that no true lady or gentleman possesses. The knowledge that all hearts have feelings in common, should be sufficient reason. As we would shrink from injury to our own feelings, even so should we shrink from wounding the feelings of others. This the 'golden rule' binds us to do. And let us remember that those who are respectful in their bearing really merit courteous treatment at our hands. Surely, nothing is lost, but often much gained, by a kind word. Not only may it cheer the sad heart of another, but, in accordance with the immutable law, that whatever is sent forth from the heart in some way returns to it again, our every sunny smile, every kind word and act, bestows on us its blessing, and lifts us a step towards Heaven.

"The poor creature who has just left us, represents a class of which, living where we do, we see comparatively little, and that not in its worst phases; and as an individual, he may be almost utterly unworthy. Yet, if we have the right, I have not the heart to refuse the morsel of food craved by the stranger. I would not encourage or excuse wilful idleness or vice; but in dealing with this great social problem—the tramp—there is much to be considered. We know not the influences that have woven their subtle meshes about him, drawing him down, down; we know not how high a helping hand might lift him up. And we have no right to pass judgment on a soul.

"My first sensation at sight of them, is not, as with many, one of abhorrence and disgust, but one of indescribable pity—mayhap the fruit of a remorseful memory.

"You know, Florence, that my life has not been all sunshine. At your age—seventeen—I was a healthy, light-hearted girl; then came the long years of helplessness and suffering—years which, to look

back upon, seems like treading on sacred ground. From out 'the valley of the shadow of death,' I was gradually led to walk in a new atmosphere of life and thought. Previous to that time, I had little thought as to life's realities and responsibilities, and the cries of suffering continually coming up from the great surging tide of humanity, had never penetrated my ears. For one of these poor unfortunates to enter our doors, seemed contamination. My heart felt no throb of pity for them, as my haughty manner must have plainly shown.

"One bitterly cold day in mid-winter, an old man craved admittance at our door, which was granted, and a place assigned him by the fire. He must have been chilled through; and yet, although I was flitting in and out of the room, assisting in the preparation of dinner, and putting dainty little finishing touches to the table (which stood in full sight of him), I am ashamed to say that I spoke no kind words, and gave him no pleasant looks. For the most part, I simply ignored him. And it would have been so easy to have spoken to him pleasantly, and given him a cup of tea and some food. He asked for nothing, and, so far as I remember, spoke no word during the hour he sat there—not even in response to my cold words of unsolicited information that there was a hotel two miles further on; for it was growing late, and I feared that he meditated staying all night. In a few moments he went away; but he might as well have remained, for all the comfort I enjoyed. The night proved a fearful one—cold and tempestuous. In vain I tried to shake off the feeling of uneasiness that crept unbidden into my heart. The sad face of that white-haired old man rose up on every side to reproach me; and I fully expected that the morrow would bring the tidings, 'found dead'—frozen—"by the wayside.' The morrow came, and I was mercifully spared the terrible remorse that must have been mine had it proven so. I never knew where he found shelter for the night, nor what afterwards became of him. But, oh! the memory of that time, and of my unfeeling conduct, has been as a dagger to my heart hundreds of times; hundreds of times has it risen before my mind to reproach me—the old man with hair like the driven snow. Never will he be dead to me, but ever living, and with sad eyes mutely reproaching me. If I could but undo the work of that day—if he could but once again enter our doors, that I might beg his forgiveness! But it is too late. Years have passed, and, perchance, he may have entered the spirit land. God grant that he may there know of my remorse and the repentance that has wrought in my heart sympathy for the poor and miserable, and at the last day arise not in judgment against me."

After a pause to control her voice, she continued: "Do you now wonder that I treat with kindness and commiseration those whose coming so vividly recalls this incident? Let me implore you, my dear

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lkes."

child, to never give yourself a like remorseful memory."

"I am sure that I will never again treat the poor and unfortunate with scorn, and—and—Aunt Ethel, I'm sorry for you," said Flo, in a subdued voice, the tremulous lips and tear-dimmed eyes proving that the proud heart was touched and softened.

"I trust that you may not," replied Ethel, tenderly kissing the uplifted face. "You know we are admonished, in that best of books, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.' To us, few things seem more unlikely than that this should ever be verified in such instances. Yet, 'The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.'

"But all who, as strangers, claim our hospitality, though in some instances poor and unfortunate, cannot justly be termed 'tramps'; and sometimes, though we may not be 'entertaining angels,' we may be entertaining very estimable persons.

"But, whether to beggar or millionaire, grudged or ungraciously-given food and shelter, though never so good as to quality, is not true entertainment; any sensible 'angel' would prefer courtesy and a crust."

SOME ONE TO PLAY WITH.

A LITTLE girl who lived alone with her parents and aunts, had the attentions of all the household lavished upon her. When her birthday came around, she had many beautiful gifts, but still did not seem happy. Her kind aunt asked if her gifts did not please her.

"Yes," she replied, "but I want a little girl to play with. I don't care if it is a little girl in rags."

Such is the craving of a child's nature for companionship. About the oddest playmates I ever heard of were some a little girl in a pleasant country home picked up for herself in her rambles. She went every day to a little grove some distance from the house, and there spent considerable time in play. A friend took an interest in her movements, and had a curiosity to see how she spent her time, which seemed to pass so pleasantly.

So she followed the little, well-worn foot-path through the grass, and soon saw the glimmer of her little pink dress. She was seated upon a log, with a shawl pinned about her waist for a trailing skirt, playing the part of a school-mistress with great gravity. You would have laughed to see her scholars. They were seven or eight fat toads, each dressed in a little jacket of calico, with white apron tied on before, which so secured them that they could not jump. The friend laughed at the odd sight, and the sensitive little girl began to cry, but was soon reassured by her conversation. The toads were perfectly tame and contented, and when school was out she took off their clothes and laid them away in a box ready for the next session.

It is said that toads, snakes and turtles can be easily tamed, and after getting a little accustomed to it like to be played with as well as other more common pets.

All the inanimate playthings you can give a child will never make up to it the want of a living playmate. Choose your children's associates with the greatest care, but do not isolate them from all children of their own age. Children so carefully secluded are often the most uncomfortable, teasing ones you can find—no comfort to you or to themselves; nor do they grow up so much better than other people's children who have had the advantage of a little wholesome neglect.

ELsie.

FROM MY CORNER.

BY LICHEN.

No. 5.

L OVELY, lovely spring! Who could tire of watching thee or talking of thee? Who is there so dead to beauty, or so immersed in sorrow, that he cannot notice nor care for the picture nature spreads before us now? My heart aches for any such, and I trust they are not many. Each succeeding year, all this loveliness is so fresh, so new, it seems to me as if it never could have been quite so beautiful before. The birds are rapturous over it. That mocking-bird sits on a bush not far from my window for awhile, then flies to the topmost branch of a tall shade tree in the street, then back to the bough of a peach-tree in the yard, all the time pouring forth such jubilant, rollicking notes, as if he were wild with joy. He mimics every bird-note, then the frogs and chickens, and goes over and over it all until I should think his little throat would burst. The sparrows and wrens are twittering around, and a robin caroled a pretty ditty for me when I awoke this morning. The blue birds under the eaves are just teaching their little ones to fly, and soon they will be gone. A huge "burning bush" in our next neighbor's yard has lately been one mass of scarlet bloom, which has now dropped away, giving place to rich green leaves. A rose-vine clambering over the fence, opposite the south window, reaches out long, graceful sprays filled with buds almost ready to bloom, and they wave and nod to me with every breeze that passes by. How lovely it will be when the pink blossoms are dotted all along those swaying branches. The bees grow dizzy over the clover bed, whose great white pearls lie thickly among their soft, green setting.

I wonder if the great sweet-brier is standing yet by my bed-room window in the old home. I would like to sit there again and smell its fragrant leaves, wet with dew or rain, on some of these spring mornings. How well I remember the last time I fastened its delicate blossoms in my hair and on my breast. I wonder if Jennie remembers that night, too. We were getting ready for a little party—the last one I ever attended—and I chose to wear instead of artificial these sweet favorites of mine. Ah! how soon they faded, though their sweetness remained.

I believe the most beautiful thing I have seen this spring was a large apple-tree away down the street, lifting its snowy tent, embroidered with faint traceries of pink and green. I feasted my eyes on it three mornings, then a heavy rain-storm robbed it of all its glory.

Something else very lovely I had much closer by a few weeks ago. Floy has nursed a calla lily all through the winter, and last month it repaid her with two beautiful flowers. The last one was out just in time for Easter, and after fulfilling its mission at church, Floy brought it to me, and I enjoyed it for four or five days before it faded.

Fred and Lizzie have a pretty new house of their own this spring, where mother's presence and mine are often wanted. Little Jessie thinks that her auntie ought to spend the most of her time there. She goes to school now, and cannot be with us much, so she wants me there, where she can see me at night and morning. It is a pleasant place to visit. Lizzie has the sofa wheeled into whatever room I wish, and placed so that my eyes will be turned from the light. I have been there so seldom as yet, that there is always something new of interest to show me when I can walk about.

Lizzie has a large window in her room where her pot-plants, arranged on a flower-stand, get the morning sun, and grow luxuriantly. Geraniums, fuchsias, heliotrope and petunias look as if they had never known what winter was, though some of them just escaped with their lives during the coldest weather. One large pot of English ivy is my especial admiration. Its leaves are so rich and shining. Its graceful branches run down the sides of the pot, and reach out toward the other plants. The ivy leaf has always been a favorite with me—still more so since I learned the pretty song written about it—

"I've brought thee an ivy leaf,
Only an ivy leaf."

May used to sing it so sweetly. I tried to get Rosalie to learn it, too, but do not think she ever did.

I have lost nearly all my girls of late. May has gone away to stay the whole year, perhaps. She is enjoying the sweets of orange and magnolia groves. Rosalie is so engaged with the new occupations and pleasures of young ladyhood, visiting and entertaining, going to parties, riding, etc., that she seldom has time to give me an hour, though as affectionate as ever when we meet. Ah, Rosalie! I am thinking of you often when I do not see you. Your bright eyes tell such tales of you. There is something I would say to you if I were just that elder which I sometimes wish to be to the girls I love. Edna is going through a course of normal study for the sake of some regular, profitable employment, and has to apply herself so closely that time for visiting is almost excluded. I think she loves me just as much, but I cannot often have her society.

Floy only is left me, but I believe her friendship deepens, and her companionship grows closer, as I lose that of the others. It is worth more than that of a good many girls. As I looked at her yesterday, standing in the doorway, just ready to say goodbye, I thought I would like to keep her just this way for four or five years, without any change, except to grow better, of course. She is like the spring—fresh and fair, with sweet promise for the future, budding and blossoming, but not yet matured into the excellence of ripe fruit. We do not expect that so early. Longfellow's "Maidenhood" personified, only there are no shadowed depths in her clear eyes. But perhaps if I say more about her she will not like it, so I will only say good-bye to this sweet day, and to those who I hope have enjoyed it also.

HOMES.

IF there is one part of our good magazine I like better than another, it is "The Home Circle," with amusement, instruction, reproof and advice judiciously mingled together.

It is a pitiable fact that our homes are not all they ought to be. In view of the urgent call for patriots and statesmen, it behoves every member of every home in the land to do his part toward elevating the standard. If men are to be wise and true, and women pure and earnest, our children must have a better home training; must be taught that uprightness and honesty are better than any popularity can be.

If all homes were the sacred spots they ought to be, there would be fewer heart-broken parents and wandering children; many feet stumbling blindly in the ways of sin and shame would never have entered the downward path; and many who, in their eager, restless youth, have left home and friends to try alone the snares and pitfalls of the great world beyond, would have turned back long ago to that hallowed

place, finding with every thought of it that sin grew more hateful and home more holy.

If we thought more of the effect of our home-life on human character, and its influence on the destiny of immortal souls, should we not be more careful that nothing unkind or impure diminishes its power for good. I wish we might all strive harder to make ours happy. In this we need to imitate those builders of Jerusalem's broken walls, and build every man "over against his own house."

Neither husband nor wife should monopolize the smiles and pleasant words; though it may be a laudable emulation which induces each to see how many kind things he or she can do and say.

Let your rooms be just as pleasant as possible, but not too elegant. A home good enough for anybody, and yet not too good to be used, is a home to be desired. If you have nice pictures, let your children enjoy them; if you have sunshiny rooms, use them. It is a pity to shut all the pleasant apartments and oblige your own family to occupy the back kitchen. Let your home be such that

"The spirit of its love is breathing
In every wind that blows across my track,
From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing,
Seem with soft links to call the wanderer back."

ELIZABETH.

SHOPPING FOR OTHERS.

BY MARY E. IRELAND.

"I SELDOM go to the city," remarked a lady to another, a short time ago, "that I do not have more articles on my memorandum to purchase for my friends than I have for myself."

"And do you like to buy things for other people?" said her friend, as a shadow, seemingly born of some unpleasant memory, flitted over her cheerful face.

"Oh, yes, when I succeed in pleasing them, and I have been pretty fortunate in that respect so far."

"Well, I cannot say that I have; in fact, I have been almost tempted, for my own peace of mind, to go quietly off, and never let any one outside of my own family know when I purpose visiting the city. I almost feel that duty to myself renders such a course excusable; and that you may not consider me too disobliging or selfish, I will give you some of my experience in that line.

"The very last time I went, my visit was limited to three days; and I had enough commissions from my friends to fill up the whole time to the exclusion of my own. It rained one whole day, and for my own purchases, I should have never thought of going out, but I knew they would be disappointed if I went home without theirs, and maybe think I did not try, for some persons are under the impression that in the city all you have to do is to step out and get exactly what you wish without any trouble.

"One old neighbor had sent by me for a cap. She had always made her own caps after some sort of fashion, and I knew a bought cap from the city was an era in her toil-weary life, so I really expended more thought and walking on that cap, than I should have done upon a whole bridal outfit for myself. My trouble was to get one plain enough to suit her, and amid all the splendors of dress caps, breakfast caps and lace caps of every description, it was a difficult matter. After a while I came across one which, among its stylish contemporaries, was almost severe in its simplicity. I rejoiced that at last I had overtaken the object of my search, so I bought it and sent it to her as soon as I reached home that evening, and

before I could repose my weary frame on my couch that night, back came the cap, and the cap-box, the bill and a message informing me 'she could not think of wearing such a fly-away thing as that, at her time of life,' and would I not take it off her hands.

"As I did not as yet number caps (for day-wear, at least,) among my accoutrements, I felt very much like the man who had the present of an elephant, but I made the best of the matter I could, and sold it to another old lady for a few cents less than I gave.

"On the same expedition I had been commissioned by a very dear friend to purchase her some real Valenciennes lace. I was particularly anxious to suit her, for I knew she was a connoisseur in lace, and had a good opinion of my judgment also. She had admired a piece of my lace, and wished me to get some as near like it as I could without going to too much trouble.

"The cap had taken up so much of my time that although I always make it a point to get everything in the same line of goods at the same places, if possible, the day was spent and I had not succeeded in getting the lace, until I entered a large store where an endless variety of choice laces was shown me. A bright gas-light shone directly upon them, and even to my experienced eye the pieces I selected was genuine and of superior quality. The next evening after my return, my friend called for her lace. She was delighted with it, for it was even a prettier pattern than mine, and together we inspected it, and commented on the fineness and beauty of its appearance. Alas! it was only in appearance, when viewed by daylight it was not Valenciennes at all, but only an imitation.

"Last spring, when I went to the city, another friend sent me for three yards of silk fringe to match a particular shade of silk, of which I was given a sample. I tried in large stores and in small stores, in millinery stores, and everywhere there was a ghost of a chance for that particular shade of fringe to hide; and finally, in an unlucky hour for me, I was advised to go to the fringe factory, take the sample of silk, and have the fringe woven to order. I knew she was particularly anxious to have it by a certain time, so I walked all the way there, and ordered it, giving them directions to send it to my stopping-place by one o'clock next day, as I was to leave the city on the afternoon train, which left at two.

"It was promised without fail, and in the meantime, having it off my mind, I set about my own business, and then, foot-sore and weary, returned to my stopping-place, too tired out to sleep when the time came for repose.

"The next day I looked for the fringe as promised, but at one o'clock it had not come, neither was there any sign of its coming; and I waited with my wrappings on in a perfect fever of impatience until twenty-five minutes after one, when I decided to wait no longer; so giving my friends directions about expressing it to me, I prepared to depart, and had got to the street door, when whom should I see meandering round the corner, but the boy with the fringe. He was accompanied by a boon companion, and they were treating themselves to a game of ball with the bundle of fringe, tossing it backward and forward until they reached the door where I was standing, in a frame of mind not to be coveted, and which would be a stretch of complaisance to style serene.

"I am sorry to have it to record, that I snatched the fringe from that boy with more celerity than ceremony, and gave him the change which I had

been shifting from one hand to another for the last half hour, then made a rush for the depot, only to turn about and empty the contents of my pocket to find a pencil to sign his delivery-card, which he leisurely exhumed from the depths of a pocket which I verily thought must have reached to the toe of his boot.

"When I did succeed in reaching the depot, the cars were just steaming out of sight, and I had to return and stay all night, to my great inconvenience, and I greatly feared to that of my kind entertainers.

"Then, again, some persons are so unreasonable in regard to prices. They are not willing to give one cent over a certain price, and very often expect the best article of the kind for that price, leaving no margin whatever for rise in prices, advantages in remnants, etc.; being so restricted makes the office of purchaser anything but a sinecure."

And now, as it is both common and proper to conclude with a moral, here it is: Dear friends, when we tax our acquaintances to purchase anything for us, do, do let us compensate them by trying to be satisfied with their efforts to please.

THE NEW SKIRT.

OF course Minnie must have a new skirt with cardinal red on it, if all the other school-girls did, no matter whether it was the prettiest kind or not. Now I had in mind dear Pipey's advice in February magazine, so I did not go out and buy one. I took a gray overskirt that was no longer in use, washed it nicely on a windy day, when it would blow up like a balloon and dry nicely without "streaks." Then I cut it over the right size for the skirt, added on a narrow flounce bound with dark red calico, such as used to be made into those famous quilts of olden time. Above the flounce I stitched on two rows of the red calico, one about two inches wide, the upper one a little narrower, with about two inches space between. It made as nice a looking skirt as I could have bought her for a dollar and a half, and all the expense was ten cents for a yard of calico.

She has not yet adopted the silly fashion of catching up the hem of her dress between her thumb and finger and holding it up to her waist, and I hope never will; but she is not ashamed of that skirt if it does show when jumping the rope or tripping off to school.

MOTHER PRACTICAL.

WORK FOR WOMEN.

IN an "Open Letter to Girls on Work," Margaret B. Harvey, writing for "Woman's Words," a new woman's paper just started in Philadelphia, speaks as follows on the subject of work and marriage:

Society stamps it as a disgrace for a woman to earn money, and as a disgrace for a man not to do so. So, then, society requires woman to be a pauper, a beggar all her days, a parasite drawing her nourishment from any plant to which she can find attachment, a consumer preying on the producer. A girl must be supported in idleness, (elegant leisure, I mean,) by her father, or any other male relative, until, by her fascinations, she is able to induce somebody else to take her. If never married, she is a "social failure."

This might do, if every girl had a tender, indulgent father, a doting uncle or a daring brother, and she was sure, at an early age, to find a husband who idolized her. But such is not the case.

Some women must work for their living, now, and

such has, I presume, always been the case. But such lose caste, and the majority will avoid it if they possibly can. I have heard of women who were willing to stay at home without the commonest comforts of life, spending their lives in keeping up appearances merely to have it to say that they never earned their living. Half the effort spent in useful work might have kept them decently, and made them of some service to society.

I will "tell the tale as 'twas told to me," of a girl who, after a short acquaintance, married a scamp. This personage robbed her of what few valuables she possessed, and ran away within a month after marriage. Said a friend to her, "What did you have him for, when you knew so little of him?" "Oh!" said she, "I was afraid I'd never get another chance."

This tells volumes. It is so everywhere. A woman must marry, even if she never go to Heaven! It is appalling to think of women valuing themselves so lightly as to be willing to sell themselves for naught! No wonder the beautiful, solemn, holy institution of marriage is lightly esteemed, so little understood. To decree that a woman must not work for her living is one of the foulest wrongs ever practiced against her. Why? The other decree of society tells it. Every woman must marry, or "be cast on the rugged edge of the world's bitter scorn."

It is not for the sacred duties of marriage that they must marry. Oh, no! If social philosophers meant this, they would know very well that a true marriage cannot exist without love, and that when a woman truly loves, she don't go veering about hunting chances. It is simply this. The world is one of business, after all. If you receive anything from society, you must return an equivalent. If you are supported, you must pay for your support. As marriage is a stated necessity, a woman who does not marry, deserves the odium of society for ingratitude and dishonesty.

This feeling, if not these words, everywhere emphasized, does compel women to rush into loveless, miserable marriages. For, if woman has never been taught to make her living, what other prospect than dependence or sin has she before her? Her father or guardian cannot live always, she has not yet seen a man whom she can love with her whole heart, and she cannot wait much longer, so she takes what she can get. Mrs. Browning says:

"Free men must freely work,
And woman, also; otherwise she drops
At once below the dignity of man,
Accepting servitude."

Freely work? Not work because she must and can't help herself, but because it is her duty. Margaret Fuller Ossoli says, "That her hand may be given with dignity, she must be able to stand alone."

Changing the above picture a little, suppose, just when she was so worried about her future, the right one did come. Would she not have felt far happier if she could have taken him, because she loved him, and not because she was obliged to take somebody at any rate, and by good luck, it was he? If her own future had been well assured in any case, would she not have been more like a queen receiving her king, than a beggar receiving charity?

WHY THEY DO NOT MARRY.

IT is getting to be such a common slur of a certain class of papers that young ladies will not marry now-a-days because the young men cannot command a fortune sufficient to support their extravagant tastes, that many are found who believe it.

There may be two sides to the question. Here is what a city pastor says on the subject: "I have officiated at forty weddings since I came here, and in every case save one I felt that the bride was running an awful risk!"

Young men of "fast habits," a term that includes so much of evil, never choose a wife of the same stamp. They demand a purity and sobriety beyond reproach. A young man may laugh and chat with the lady who has sipped too often of the wine-cup on her New Year's reception, but he will not choose her for his bride.

It is at her peril that a lady accepts one whose habits and associations are not all that he demands of her. But is it not a fact that, as a class, young men, in what is called "good society," are risky companions for a life voyage? Are they worth having? May not the character of the young men, rather than their fortunes, be the reason why so many young ladies hesitate to pronounce the vows that can never be broken but by death or crime? Don't blame the girls too much until you have looked at both sides of the question. McC.

Evenings with the Poets.

SOMEBODY'S HALF-GROWN GIRL.

BY MADGE CARROL.

THE kettle was bright as a kettle could be,
Its sides, like a mirror, caught everything in,
And Pattie's bare feet beat her heart's jubilee.
Jim had been sent other titles to win;
And she carried father's dinner.

Ladies were out in their summer array,
Children were buzzing like bees in the sun,
And the shops—little Patty turned bravely away—
Shops stood still, but minutes would run,
And she carried father's dinner.

Day crept after day, some pleasant, some not,
Every hour rounded out with its items small,
The mid-noon hour, come cold or come hot,

Standing head and shoulders above them all,
For Pattie carried the dinner.

The great bell brawled in the upper air;
How slow the workmen were getting out!
Coming at last, though, pair after pair;
But where was the merry song and shout,
Gladdening the way to dinner?

Pattie watched them filing down
The short, black road to the foundry gate;
All but the face so tired and so brown;
What in the world made father late,
When here was the kettle and Pattie?

At sight of these—the child and the can—
Why should a white tide wash each face?
Why did they all, to the oldest man,

Seem to whisper a prayer or a grace?
So marveled little Pattie.

"His daughter," "His dinner," "Ten minutes 'fore quitting"—

Into her ears the broken words leapt,
Whilst over the way a crowd interknitting,
And father not come—what horror had crept
Over our waiting Pattie!

"You'd better go home, child, father is there."
He seemed the roughest, grimiest of all,
Yet light as a flower came his hand on her hair,
Pure as a star was the tear he let fall
Over the orphaned Pattie.

Father was there when Pattie went in;
Tired no longer, nor old, nor brown,
The dimple come back to his shaven chin,
His hands at rest, and folded down,
Labor and striving ended.

Pattie is somebody's "half-grown girl,"
With a full-grown woman's work to do;
Somebody's baby tugs at the curl
Father's hand used to wander through,
After the dinner was o'er.

Somebody's—yours, my lady so fair!
Or yours, good madame, with nerves of steel!
One lapped in languor, one cumbered with care,
Both forgetting a child can feel,
And who regardeth the poorest.

Somebody's half-grown girl, ah me!
Patties are legion the wide world through;
If the story moves you, look and see,
Is she not in your kitchen working for you?
Are you not Pattie's keeper?

There is One who watches unceasingly;
Notes every task she is set to do.
Deal with her then as tenderly
As you would that heaven should deal with you,
Make not the burden too grievous.

For some day the great noon-rest will come,
Father and child sit together once more;
All eyes shall see in that searching sun
Who heaped offense against Pattie's door;
And God, having seen, will remember.

"THE SUNRISE NEVER FAILED US YET."

BY CELIA THAXTER.

UPON the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far, lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern;
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away;
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet!

Scribner.

"GOD KNOWS."

BY JULIA C. B. DORR.

O H! wild and dark was the winter night,
When the emigrant ship went down,
But just outside of the harbor bar,
In the sight of the startled town!
The winds howled, and the sea roared,
And never a soul could sleep,
Save the little ones on their mothers' breasts,
Too young to watch and weep.

No boat could live in the angry surf,
No rope could reach the land;
There were bold, brave hearts upon the shore,
There was many a ready hand:
Women who prayed, and men who strove
When prayers and work were vain—
For the sun rose over the awful void
And the silence of the main!

All day the watchers paced the sands—
All day they scanned the deep;
All night the booming minute-guns
Echoed from steep to steep,
"Give up thy dead, O cruel sea!"
They cried athwart the space;
But only a baby's fragile form
Escaped from its stern embrace!

Only one little child of all
Who with the ship went down,
That night, when the happy babies slept
So warm in the sheltered town!
Wrapped in the glow of the morning light,
It lay on the shifting sand,
As fair as a sculptor's marble dream,
With a shell in its dimpled hand.

There were none to tell of its race or kin,
"God knoweth," the pastor said,
When the sobbing children crowded to ask
The name of the baby dead.
And so when they laid it away at last
In the church-yard's hushed repose,
They raised a stone at the baby's head,
With the carven words, "God knows."

St. Nicholas.

CHARITY.

ONLY a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drop in the well.

Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the guineas,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon
And some toys—they were not new;
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy, too.

Only some outgrown garments—
They were all I had to spare;
But they'll help to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

A word now and then of comfort,
That cost me nothing to say;
But the poor old man died happy,
And it helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small;
What doth He think of His children
When they never give at all?

Health Department.

THE REASON WHY.

Why does perspiration sometimes become visible in drops on the skin?

Because in such cases it generally arises from some violent exercise or excessive heat, and is produced too copiously and freely to be immediately absorbed by the atmosphere.

Why is a person less apt to catch cold from being wetted by salt water than by fresh?

Because water impregnated with salt evaporates more slowly than fresh water, in consequence of which the heat of the body is more gradually abstracted; and also because the saline particles have a stimulating effect on the skin.

Why is the hand better adapted for applying soap to the face than a towel or a sponge?

Because the hand is not only soft and smooth, but is also endowed with properties which render it capable of imparting a gentle friction to the skin, more effectually than any other agent.

Why should a moderately rough-towel be used for drying purposes?

Because the skin requires a moderate amount of friction, which too rough a towel would exceed, and too soft a one be inadequate to produce.

Why should persons not suffer their bodies to cool previously to going into a cold bath?

Because, the temperature of the body being lowered, it possesses less nervous energy to resist the depressing influences of cold.

Why should sea-bathing not be had recourse to when the frame is greatly debilitated?

Because the organs have become too feeble to produce that reaction which gives rise to the glowing warmth on the surface of the body after immersion. And hence the shivering and sense of chilliness which persons under such circumstances commonly experience.

Why is the appetite keener by the seaside than under ordinary circumstances?

Because the unusual degree of exercise in the open air, together with the bathing, augments the amount of insensible perspiration, and occasions a greater waste of the body, which must be proportionately supplied.

Why is a sensation of thirst, especially for the first few days, generally felt at the seaside?

Because the sea spray impregnates the atmosphere

with saline particles, which are inhaled and communicated to the blood.

Why is bathing injurious after a full meal?

Because the process of digestion requires a uniform degree of heat, which is rendered irregular by the alternate chill and glow which bathing produces.

Why, when high water occurs in the afternoon, is the temperature of the sea much higher than it was at low water in the morning?

Because the early retiring tide leaves the sand uncovered, which continues for many hours to be exposed to the rays of the sun. During this period it acquires a considerable degree of heat. As the tide rises the particles constituting the lower stratum of the advancing thin sheet of water, as they successively come into contact with this heated sand, are warmed, expanded and rise to the surface.

Why, on a second immersion in the water, does the body feel colder than it did on the first?

Because, on leaving the bath, the sudden transition to a cold and dense medium creates an effort in the body to produce heat or resist cold, and the continuance of this action, for some time after leaving the bath, occasions a second immersion to feel colder than the first.

Why, after cold bathing, should the clothes be removed as speedily as possible?

Because the body is not restored to its accustomed temperature until it is clothed, and by exposure to the air is liable to become chilled.

Why is violent exercise after bathing injurious?

Because, the pores of the skin having been recently cleared, their functions are thereby stimulated, and calculated to throw off perspiration more copiously than ordinarily.

Why is bathing sometimes succeeded by headache?

Because the blood-vessels of the surface of the body become contracted by the diminished temperature of the bath, and impel an unusually large portion of the vital fluid towards the head; but the thick substance of the brain prevents its interior vessels from being influenced by the variations of the external temperature, and hence a fullness, or congestion, is caused.

Why, during a course of sea-bathing, do the ankles sometimes swell and retain the mark of the impressed finger?

Because the coldness of the bath occasions a temporary torpor of the absorbent vessels of the extremities.

Housekeepers' Department.

HINTS ON CAKE MAKING.

SUPERFINE flour, sweet butter, fresh eggs and white sugar, are indispensable in making a good cake. The butter may sometimes be wholly or partially omitted, and sweet lard or drippings, or cream used in its stead. The flour must be sifted. An earthen pan is best to mix cake in, and a wooden spoon or paddle should be used for stirring. The rule is to separate the yolks from the white of the eggs, beating up the former with the sugar, then adding the butter, and only stirring in the whites, well whisked, when all the other ingredients have been added.

We will here mention, however, for the benefit of those who have little time to spare in fancy cooking—and probably to the disgust of professional cooks—that we have been quite as successful in cake making when we placed all the ingredients, except the flour, at once in the pan, gave them a brisk stir for a minute or two, and then added flour in sufficient quantity. Indeed, we are more than half convinced that the manipulations prescribed are for the most part unnecessary. But, reason or no reason, there seems to be a knack in those matters, and what one can do perhaps another cannot.

RECIPES.

FEATHER CAKE.—One cup white sugar, one teaspoonful melted butter, one egg, two even cups sifted flour, two-thirds cup of milk, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda. Flavor with lemon.

TEA CAKES OR LOAVES.—One egg, two ounces of butter, half a pound of flour, two or three knobs of sugar. Rub the butter into the flour, add the sugar pounded, and mix it with one beaten egg. It will make two small loaves for tea or breakfast.

BIDGEPORT CAKE.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, three and one-half of flour, two of currants, one of sour milk, four eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, juice and grated rind of one lemon.

CAROLINA CAKE.—Two cups white sugar, two tablespoonsfuls butter, the whites of five eggs, two cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful cream tartar, one-quarter teaspoonful soda, one cup sweet cream.

DROP BISCUIT.—Mix a pint of sweet cream with a pint of milk that is also sweet, a teaspoonful of salt, three beaten eggs, and sufficient sifted wheat flour to make the dough of the consistency of unbaked pound-cake. Drop the mixture by the large spoonful into buttered tins, and bake them immediately in a quick oven. They can be made of sour milk and sour cream, substituting a couple of teaspoonsfuls of saleratus for the eggs.

COMMON PATTIES.—Take some veal, fat and lean, and some slices of boiled ham; chop them very fine, and season with salt, pepper, grated nutmeg and a small quantity of parsley and thyme minced very fine; with a little gravy make some paste, cover the bottoms of small moulds, fill them with the meat, put thin lids on, and bake them crisp.

CROQUETTES.—Take cold fowl, or fresh meat of any kind, with slices of ham, fat and lean; chop them together very fine, add half as much stale bread grated, salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful of

made mustard, a tablespoonful of catsup and a lump of butter. Knead all well together till it resembles sausage-meat; make them in cakes, dip them in the yolk of an egg beaten, cover them thickly with grated bread, and fry them a light brown.

WASHING COLORED FABRICS.—“Before washing almost any colored fabrics” says the *Scientific American*, “it is recommended to soak them for some time in water, to every gallon of which is added a spoonful of ox-gall. A teacup of lye in a pail of water is said to improve the color of black goods, when it is necessary to wash them. A strong, clean tea of common hay will preserve the color of French linens. Vinegar in the rinsing water for pink or green, will brighten those colors, and soda answers the same end for both purple and blue.”

GERMAN TOAST.—Cut thick slices of baker’s bread; dip them each in milk enough to soften them, then dip them in beaten egg; put them in a pan greased with just sufficient butter to fry; fry till brown as an omelet, and then serve well sprinkled with white sugar. Two eggs would be sufficient to dip nearly a dozen slices of bread pancake. The hotter the toast the better.

NOURISHING SOUP FOR INVALIDS. Boil two pounds of lean veal and a quarter of a pound of pearl barley in a quart of water very slowly until it becomes the consistency of cream. Pass it through a fine sieve, and salt it to taste. Flavor it with celery-seed, if the taste be liked, or use fresh celery, if in season. A very small quantity of seed would suffice. It should simmer very slowly, as otherwise the barley does not properly amalgamate with the soup. It is called barley cream, and will not keep more than twenty-four hours. Beef may be used instead of veal.

RICE MUFFINS.—Take one cup of cold boiled rice, one pint of flour, two eggs, one quart of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, and a little salt. Beat hard and bake quickly.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

AT this season of the year all who can afford it, if they have not already gone, are making preparations to leave their homes, and go to the seaside, the country or the mountains, for a few days or weeks of rest and recreation. “What shall I wear?” is, of course, the first question a woman asks in such circumstances. Wisdom will dictate to her to leave all expensive dresses—all rich and showy silks, and delicate flimsy muslins—at home, and to take with her only such costumes as shall prove seasonable, and, receiving all manner of rough usage, shall preserve their good looks to the last. Among the very best, for both service and appearance, are dresses made of bunting. It is inexpensive, it is suitable for all occasions, and it will preserve its good looks under rough treatment. A princess of bunting makes a charming breakfast dress or evening toilet, and when draped over a black or a bunting petticoat, is stylish enough for a fashionable promenade, and not too costly to wear upon a business errand, or for shopping or walking, or at croquet, or a picnic. Blue bunting is one of the most fashionable textures, and dark blue is a color which almost any lady can use, even though pale blue be an enemy to her complexion. Very

handsome dresses are made of bunting of a creamy white. These, when lined with a dark color, and richly trimmed with pipings and plaited flounces, look very stylish indeed.

Fashion has greatly improved on the patterns for bathing-suits. They are no longer the hideous things they used to be, but are made with graceful outlines, and are prettily trimmed. The new style is a blouse that is box-plaited, and extends about to the knee. A deep sailor collar finishes the neck, and the cuffs and pockets are ornamented by braids laid on fancifully. The bottom is hemmed and trimmed, and weights made of flat pieces of lead are fastened under it at intervals. Scarlet, blue or white bunting is a favorite fabric for these costumes. It is light in quality, but not transparent, and does not hold the water. Flannels, all-wool serges and camlets, are still used, however. They are fancifully striped in Roman colors, or they are of a plain goods made fanciful by bright braids. The hat is a rough, gipsy-shaped straw, trimmed or rather tied on with a scarf like the sash. This passes over the top of the hat, which usually has a pinked ruche made of bias scraps left from the bathing-dress. The slippers of straw or canvas should have ruches of the same, and rosettes.

New Publications.

Alcohol as a Food and Medicine. By Ezra M. Hunt, A.M., M.D. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. It is desirable that the public should know the history of this book. During 1876, the International Medical Congress met at Philadelphia. Among other subjects there discussed was that of alcohol. One of the papers presented before this Congress we now find in the book before us. The paper was listened to and discussed by the members of the Congress, and finally the conclusions which its author presented were moved and unanimously adopted as the sentiments of the section on medicine, before which the paper was brought. This paper gives the latest and most important scientific and experimental investigations, and demonstrates that alcohol has no definite food value, and as a medicine is chiefly used as a cardiac stimulant, and often admits of substitutes. Thus this book, receiving the authority and sanction of the most advanced scientific and medical men of the world, will prove one of the most powerful instruments against the use of alcohol. It should be in the hands of every temperance man. For sale in Philadelphia by Garrigues Bros., 608 Arch St.

How to Teach according to Temperament and Mental Development. By Nelson Sizer. New York: S. R. Wells & Co. We have examined this book with great pleasure. Its suggestions are most practical and useful. It indicates how a teacher, if he would be successful, and bring about the most satisfactory results with all his pupils, should study each individual temperament and disposition, and modify his manner of instruction accordingly. This is a book which will be read with pleasure and profit by both teachers and pupils. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

My Welcome Beyond, and other Poems. By Allie Wellington. New York: Dodd & Mead. A neat little volume of poems of more than ordinary merit. They are faultless in construction, filled with sentiment and pathos, and justify the right of their author to take a high rank among the poets of America.

Hester Lenox seeking a Life-Motto. By Howe Benning. New York: American Tract Society. One of the best of stories for girls, giving suggestions toward a noble life, and sure to inspire its readers with a desire for high endeavor. It should be placed in every Sunday-school library. Price \$1; postage 8 cents.

The Brewer's Fortune. By Mary Dwiness Chellis. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. A pleasant temperance story, the influence of which cannot fail to be of the best. Let our children have stories like this to read, and they will grow up better men and women in consequence. For sale by Garrigues Bros., 608 Arch St., Philadelphia.

Chedayne of Kotono. A Story of the Early Days of the Republic. By Auburn Towner. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. A somewhat original American story of frontier life, with lively incidents, and strongly-marked characters. It teaches lessons of patience and self-denial, and will exert a good and healthful influence.

How to Raise Fruits. By Thomas Gregg. New York: S. R. Wells & Co. This will be found a valuable book to fruit growers generally, and to amateurs specially. A practical horticulturist gives ample directions for the cultivation and management of fruit trees, and of grapes and small fruits. His suggestions in regard to the best varieties for cultivation, being derived from long experience, are exceedingly valuable. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Will It Be? By Mrs. Helen J. Ford. Boston: Loring, publisher. Patrons of light reading will find something to admire in this little volume, which is interesting and sensational, without being in any manner profound. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Dot and Dime. Two Characters in Ebony. By one who knows all about them. Boston: Loring, publisher. The success of "Helen's Babies" has excited to emulation a host of writers. Before we are through with this class of literature, we shall probably find every phase of infantile character delineated. The book before us, which is tolerably amusing, gives us the peculiarities of two little colored children. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

The Wife's Trials. By Miss Julia Pardoe. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. A highly interesting love story, which has already received the approval of the public.

Annals of a Baby. And How it was Named; How it was Nursed; How it was a Tyrant; How its Nose got out of Joint. Also about its Aunties, Grandfathers, Grandmothers and other Relations. By One of its Slaves. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. Price 50 cents. A most charming book—good, and true, and full of sweet and tender interest from the beginning to the end; one of the books that you do not care to lay down until you have turned the last page, and one that you will not easily forget. We give a taste of its quality in an extract which will be found in the "Mother's Department," relating how the baby's nose was put out of joint. If you can read it all through and keep the dimness out of your eyes, you will have achieved a rare bit of self-control.

Moody's Talks on Temperance, with Anecdotes, Illustrations and Incidents in connection with the Temperance Work in Boston. Compiled and edited by Rev. James B. Dunn. \$1.00 in cloth; 50 cents in paper. National Temperance Publication House, 68 Reade Street, New York. This volume is made up of seven chapters—I. Moody's Sermons; II. Moody's Talks; III. Anecdotes and Illustrations; IV. Living Witnesses; V. Gospel Temperance Convention; VI. Tabernacle Incidents; VII. Meetings for Women. It also contains the proceedings of the New England Gospel Temperance Convention held in Boston under the direction of Mr. Moody; and the thrilling address of John B. Gough which was made on that occasion. The illustrations are a portrait of Mr. Moody and an engraving of the Moody and Sankey Tabernacle. To all who are interested in the temperance cause and in temperance work, this volume will have a peculiar interest.

Editor's Department.

The Franklin Reformatory Home.

THE fifth annual report of the "Franklin Reformatory Home for Inebriates," located at Nos. 911, 913 and 915 Locust Street, Philadelphia, gives additional evidence of the value of this Institution as a means of reclaiming men who have become intemperate. Larger results are shown than have ever been obtained in any other institution for the cure of drunkenness. Dr. John C. Bucknill, of London, states in an article in the *Contemporary Review* that, on a visit to this country, he examined six inebriate asylums, and found the treatment in them of habitual drunkards to be unsound. The only institution, he says, in which he found any true, earnest work, was in the Franklin Reformatory of Philadelphia.

In this Home drunkenness is not treated as a physical disease, which can be cured by a course of medical treatment, or a removal of the patient from exciting causes for a longer or shorter period of time; but as a sin against God, which must be repented of, and for the overcoming of which Divine aid must be sought. With this view, the managers of the Institution are seeking to make it a Christian home, and to do all in their power to bring its inmates under the influence of religious principles and motives. Every Sunday evening Divine service is held in the chapel; and it is always largely attended, the families and friends of the inmates making up a good proportion of the audience. Ministers of various denominations come, voluntarily, to conduct these services. Every Sunday afternoon the president of the Institution gathers the inmates into a class for the reading and study of the Bible, and there are week-day evening meetings for mutual help and encouragement. The secretary says in the Report before us:

"The Home is the only Institution of its kind in the world. It is not an asylum or hospital in any sense of the word, but a Christian Home for those who, convinced of the sinfulness of their former life seek strength from above to enable them to throw off, and *keep off* the chains which have so long bound them, and, released from the terrible power of drunkenness, seek again to walk the straight and narrow path. Men are made to realize intemperance a sin, and the absolute necessity of an entire change of heart. From the fact that none are received who do not, on application, profess a desire for reform, a moral tone is secured among the inmates which resents any attempt to violate the rules clandestinely. The system is peculiar, original and by far the most successful; inmates, after short period of restraint, being simply placed upon a 'pledge of honor and abstinence,' to be kept by God's assistance as pledged in His promise to help those who put their trust in Him; and this covenant, based on honor and God's promises, is the only restraint imposed. The man thus trusted soon regains his self-respect, the most important human agency to strengthen the will, and, amidst happy, healthy surroundings, gains strength from day to day."

There have been, as appears from this Report, seven hundred and forty-one persons received into the Home during the five years of its existence. Of

these, three hundred and fifty-four have been reformed, one hundred and three benefited, and two hundred and sixty-three are reported as doubtful. No result in any way approximating to this has ever been reached in any other institution for the cure of inebriates.

Copies of the last annual Report can be obtained by writing to the secretary, Mr. John Graff, No. 915 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

City Children.

A N article in the *Evening Telegraph* calls earnest attention to the condition of poor children in our large and crowded cities during the hot months of summer. Well-to-do people take their children to the mountains, to the seaside, or to some near pleasant rural district; but the poor ones are left in cellars and garrets to be swept away by diseases engendered by heat and foul air.

"The Angel of Death," says the article to which we have referred, "passes over our city in the days of torrid heat as certainly as he did over the land of Egypt, but it is always in the cradle that he strikes and leaves one dead. No matter how clean the town be or free from epidemic disease, the increase of mortality among children under five years of age, during the two hottest months, is always frightful, and as every child whose parents can afford to remove it is out of town, we can calculate how great the havoc is among the poor. We know of no more pathetic sight than the squares afford at early dawn in the heated season, filled with women who have carried their wan, dying babies there, out of their miserable, reeking cellars, for the chance of a breath of cool air before the scorching day begins. We have seen the pavements of some of the alleys lined with children who had slept there all night, and still lay panting in the pitiless heat. Now, two weeks of country or sea air would save a child in this condition from death, and these two weeks would cost no more than a man spends on a box of segars or a woman on a fan."

Urging upon the people to take a more Christian interest in the condition of these unfortunate little ones, and to do something to help and save them, the editor of the *Telegraph* adds:

"Our people are not selfish. They are the most charitable in the world if they know just how or where to give. But to this matter very little public attention has as yet been given in Philadelphia. Free excursions are sustained liberally; but a free excursion of a part of a day is of very little use to a child ill or dying. In New York, several sanatoriums have been established at the seaside and on the mountains, and it is proposed there that the contributions of the children in the Sunday-schools for the ensuing two months should be devoted to their support. This is an admirable plan, not only in its actual help to the little ones who receive, but in its effect on those who give. They know where their money goes—know it is for children like themselves, and that it helps them to live. This is practical Christianity; a different thing, so far as children

are concerned, from foreign missions. Why should not our Sunday-schools do likewise? The only established sanitarium which we know of is attached to the Children's Hospital, a house at Atlantic City, which can be enlarged in its operations with a little more money. There is no reason why every church or charitable organization should not establish a sanitarium. An empty farm-house rented for three months, a few cheap beds, chairs and tables, a good motherly woman as matron, and a cook, and the matter is done. It is fresh air and leave to play in the green grass or sand of the beach that does the work here, not the cumbersome and costly machinery of doctors, assistants and nurses, as in other hospitals; or the matter can be made even yet more simple: Let every well-to-do family that goes to the country this summer find board for a poor woman and her child at some farm-house or fisherman's cottage, bringing them for two or three weeks at a time. The cost would be trifling. But think of meeting the happy mother going back with her baby, rosy and plump, in her arms! What summer gayety would have the flavor of that?

"Let us suggest still another plan which has already been tried successfully. A lady (well known to many of our readers for her fine liberal humanity), living near Chadd's Ford, took out last summer two or three poor little waifs to her own country home. As soon as they were strong and well, she brought them home and took others; in cases where a nurse was needed, bringing the mother. Her neighbors followed her example. Presently the plan was systematized. The farmers along the line of the road gave notice how many children they would take; some good women in town found the children (an easy task) and this lady came for them on a certain day each week, receiving them at the depot at Broad and Prime Streets, and leaving them at each station with their hosts. She also brought them back safely at the end of the appointed time.

"This summer, we understand, the scheme is extended. Farmers and country residents along the line of the Germantown and Media roads have offered to do their part. How many more will offer? The hospitality involves very little cost and trouble. A plain, clean bed, a child's bite and sup, and leave to play about the fields, and come back to life in God's free air. The cost is little, but the reward is sure and very bountiful."

The Compound Oxygen Treatment.

IN our magazine for this month will be found an advertisement of what is known as the "Compound Oxygen Treatment," for which unusual curative powers are claimed. Two or three years ago we spoke very favorably of this treatment. Since then we have had large opportunity for observing its effects, as well in our own case as in that of others, and can now speak of it with even greater confidence than before. One of the marked effects attendant on this treatment is an increase of healthy action in the whole system, every part of which seems to respond to the influx of a new life. We found this especially so in our own case, and in that of many others with whom we have conversed.

Nearly five years have passed since we began using this treatment. Up to that period our health had been steadily declining; not in consequence of any organic disease, but from overwork and consequent physical and nervous exhaustion. The very weight of the body had become tiresome to bear, and we regarded our days of earnest literary work as gone

forever. But almost from the very beginning of our use of the Compound Oxygen, an improvement began. There was a sense of physical comfort and vitality not felt for years, and this slowly but steadily increased. Literary work was resumed within a few months, the mind acting with a new vigor, and the body free from the old sense of weariness and exhaustion. A better digestion, an almost entire freedom from severe attacks of nervous headache from which we had suffered for twenty years, and from a liability to take cold on the least exposure, were the results of the first year's use of the new treatment; and this benefit has remained permanent. As to literary work in these five years, we can only say that it has been constant and earnest; and if its acceptance with the public may be regarded as any test of its quality, it is far the best work that we have done.

So much for the results of the Compound Oxygen Treatment in our own case; and we give it for the benefit of any and all, who, in despair of old curative agencies, are looking anxiously for relief in some new direction.

Publishers' Department.

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Year by year the HOME MAGAZINE continues to gain in favor with the people, and this because it is so completely in harmony with their common life and social interests. Taking literary rank with the best periodicals of the day, it claims to be in its peculiar characteristics and varied Departments more thoroughly identified with the people than any other magazine of its class, going into their homes not only as a power for good, but as a pleasant companion and friend, interested in all that interests the household, and ready to help, comfort, amuse, instruct and delight all, from the youngest to the oldest.

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